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FUGITIVE PIECES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

CONSISTING OF

TALES, &c.

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL.

By WILLIAM HART.

— Tentanda via est, quò me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virùm volitare per ora. — VIRG.

— Genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco. — OVID.

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FUGITIVE PIECES,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

ON HUMANITY.

Misericordia est ægritudo ex miseriâ alterius injuriâ laborantis. — CIC.

Misericordias jam habere hominem oportet. — PLAUT.

Non atrocitate animi moveor, sed singulari quâdam humanitate et misericordia. — CIC.

COME, dear Humanity! source inexhaustible of all that is noble in our actions or magnificent in our thoughts! parent of virtue! thou whose excellence is more sublimely to be conceived than sufficiently to be expressed; welcome, welcome, to my bosom's joys: preside there evermore, thou brightest emanation of glory divine! most ennobling attribute of man! thou purest, richest gem, in the breast-plate of mortality, whose friendly ray, congenial and serene, beams with equal lustre from the bosom of the peasant as the king.

O! thou shield of virtue against the arm of power! kind judge! who, when vengeance demands the tear of sorrow and repentance, can shed a tear for both. Sympathising friend! who, when pain and misfortune claim the tears of innocence and virtue, can shed one for all: with thee, now, let many

B

distream

distream the furrowed cheek of sad reflection, for the ingratitude and depravity of man.

Man ! ungrateful man ! let me remind thee, humanity is the angelic messenger of heaven, and she cometh thence in the majesty of the god of day. Yes ! when Aurora, gently soaring on the dappled wings of the morn, opes, to the bright solar regent, the burnished portals of heaven, swift and metereous its rays electric shoot across the grand azure concave. At his gladsome approach, adown the vast ethereal expanse, opaque, night's roriferous shadows glide, all nature doth of his dark mantling gloom, once more puts on the chequered trim of vernal beauty, which light and heat, grand source of life and joy, affords : then the drooping floweret once more raises its roscid head, and smilingly exfoliates its long-hidden beauties to the amorous glance of nature's most lovely paramour. So, when unseen, yet not unfelt, the ebon beams of fair humanity begin to glow within the cold bosom of mortality, each dark thought, each filming prejudice, drear doubt, and gloomy reflection, evanisheth into the smiling effulgence of beneficence, gratitude, and love : each cold intention is animated unto a warm and lively sense of duty, each unstrung resolve twangs in the dulcet tone of action, each humble endeavour raises its sleeping head, to witness the glorious success, crowning the deeds of virtue, friendship, and honour.

The all-enlivening sun, with his congenial rays, kisses, impartially, with equal fervour, the thatched pentice of the cottage, the starry-pointing glory of the temple's spiral dome, and the glittering embossed beauties of the gorgeous palace : thus humanity visits alike every bosom but his, whom prejudice and insensibility hath, as it were, enwalled with steel against her approach. Alas ! the sunny ray pierces not the rugged surface of the adamantine rock, nor does it enter the cavernous inside of the thick tree-becovered mountain ; but, wherever the light of heaven visiteth, there hope may flourish, and bear the fruit of its reward ; when he, whose bosom is steel-ed without, has a dungeon's dark and dismal gloom within.

O most generous fair, how lovely art thou in all thine actions! We need but look to love thee; yes, view, and you will admire, the beauties of Humanity; observe her actions, and emulate her ways. Thus, thus, she addresses the human heart, conscious of its weakness, — Let not prejudice cause thee to decide extrajudicially: be not deceived by external appearance, the lines and rules of physiognomy are too irregular to contemplate: look not then to the contour of the face, nor the varying hue of complexion, neither regard the plastic formation of the feature; think not the temple less holy because its rough unhevn pillars are also unpolished; look to the offerings burning on the mind's pure altar within, look to the good hearts that worship there, for the spirit of humanity exists equally powerful in the swarthy bosom of the untaught islanders of the Atlantic, as beneath the snow-white breasts of the bland European; it glows with the same happy influence and effect beneath the Ethiopian's skin, the sable outside of the Africans swarming on the shores of Guinea, or in the rough weather-beaten bosom of him who hunts among the snow-girt mountains of the North: — Yes, the tigress, who with eyes of flashing fire, darts through the gloom of midnight, swift and fateful as the forked lightning, to seek the necessary prey, delights to wet her iron fangs in the blood of innocence and the lamb, yet is the wool cmbosomed nearest her heart, soft and gentle as the gossamer; with what gentle love she licks her young; the mother of man kisses not more kind and sweetly her dear offspring lying on her breasts.

Humanity! how ever lovely to behold! in the lustre ineffable of heavenly beauty stands she confest, her form throughout is harmony and perfect beauty, peace beams serene in her smiles; but, when she frowns, nature herself with horror shrinks, and, shuddering, couches humble; from her soft, rolling, and tearful eyne, beam pity and delight, and from her undefiled lips, the sounds mellifluous of truth and sympathy spontaneous flow; sensibility and love, within her gentle bosom, with sacred, chaste, and fervour mild, congenial glow; the sceptre of mercy sways in her right hand, and on her head sits the diadem of

honour, the guerdon triumphantly, deserved, the crown immortal of her virtues.

O! let the celestial angel of peace evermore find a sincere welcome to thy bosom, as she shall to mine, for she bringeth in her hands heaven's best gift, a happy, pure, and sincere heart.

O! listen, listen, to her seraphic dictates, incline to her wise and holy precepts, then will you learn to be happy, for they teach virtue, and the practice of virtue is the most perfect attainment of earthly, yet perennial, felicity.

Ah! who is so degenerately base, he would not invoke thine influence over his heart, did he know the pleasurable joys it brings, did he imagine its intrinsic worth. For, however noble man is in thought, his actions are never more aptly modulated to the tone of reason, than when harmonized by humanity.

Necessity, the mother of invention, extracts from the deep quarrier the rough mis-shapen marble, for art to polish into beauty and model unto uniformity; which done, judgement and taste must direct him where to place it. E'en so is thought of man, when dug from the deep necessary quarry of the mind, an ideal lump, mis-shapen, rude, and unhandsome, until humanity smooths it into proportionate elegance and uniform sublimity, and tells him how to apply it.

O man! how noble thy desires!

Yet, each passion, that may move,
Fresh dignity and grace acquires,
When sweetly harmoniz'd by love!

What majesty beams in thine eye!

Yet doth it half so fair appear,
Or half so rich? Oh no, not nigh,
As when impearl'd with pity's tear.

The bosom swelling to the sight,

Or when with joy it heaveth high,
Conveys not half the chaste delight
As when it heaves with pity's sigh!

What

What pleasance to the ear the sweet sounds,
 From honey-thoughts distill'd, impart !
 But, when Pity speaks, what joy abounds !
 Her lips speak comfort to the heart.

O Araby ! how sweet the gales
 You waft unto our mortal sense !
 Sweeter the breath pity exhales !
 God himself derives pleasure thence.

Fair art and manly strength unite,
 With conquest sweet, to bless the brave ;
 Pity exceeds the pow'r of night ;
 It shews him also how to save !

Your foes forgive ! revenge forbear :
 When threats their hard hearts cannot move ;
 You'll conquer, if their tears you spare ;
 For, pity melts the heart to love.

Oh ! when heaven in frowns of clouded majesty distreams
 his fulminating vengeance down, the tall majestic lily and the
 full-blown rose low hang their tender heads, and droop with the
 heaviness of woe ; but, when the all-cheering sunbeams forth
 break from the heaving clouds, benign and gentle as sighs
 break from the bosom of pity, to bless unhappy man ; then
 raise they their downcast heads once more, and, to its genial
 heat, distending wide their silken bloom besilvered leaves,
 those nectareous sweets that embosomed in the fair foliage lay
 concealed, most willingly in gratitude they forth yield, and,
 in sweet return, shed their grateful odours all around : thus,
 as wisely says the apologue,

“ Mercy —— it is twice-bless'd,
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes !”

As for him, whom no distress can move, alas ! he thinks
 not, when he refuses a tear for the misfortunes of another, how
 many he may shed for his own.

Pitiless

Pitiless he lives, unpitied he dies,

Cold was his heart, as the ground, on which he lies !

O ! evermore cherish humanity, it teacheth to do good ; if you survey the beauteous order of nature, you will see, God himself delighteth to do good ; in what God delighteth must be great, must be lovely, must be happy : yes, and the practice of that fair virtue maketh us happy indeed ! but, above all, how great ! such is the ennobling prize of humanity, falling to the sole lot of man, it rendereth him, oh how like his God !

Vainly he may boast, that his valour or strength it is which raises him above the many of our earth's creatures, but let it be both proved and approved : as it is humanity alone that adorns the soul or innate principle of man, and perfecteth it unto the lovely image of divinity ; so is it that distinguishing virtue only, that maketh him externally to appear more, even, than the brute ! yes, that mean, untaught, brute, which his artfulness alone hath empowered him to lord over, to that useful degree, when his imbecile virtues perhaps, too, too often, could not merit for him.

Dost thou, O man, boast of beauty and elegance ? View the lordly deportment of the dewlapped bull, the independent majesty of the lion, the artless symmetric proportion of the horse, the fair plumage of the richly-ornate pheasant superb, and the highly-valued ostrich ; look too, and admire, the cygnet's fair arched neck, with what delicate majesty and easy state it arises between his proudly mantling pinions, how soft the down, embosomed upon the callow dove, how serenely bright the silvery folds of the wily snake glisten in the sun-rays, what myriads of beauties also sport a blissful hour away beneath the great deep, how blest the finny tribe, but, above all, how lovely to behold the burnished gossamer on the butterfly's silken wings !

The fine trappings, that with so much labour and expense you purchase to adorn and cover your defective nakedness withal, exceed not these, " yet they toil not, neither do they spin." Then how far blessed beyond man, ye happy brutes, ye
dumb

dumb beings: if beauty deserved earthly honour and the smiles of heaven, most happy ye, if beauty gave happiness, and, O man! how imperfect thou, if external beauty is your only boast, for the beasts of the field, the birds, the fish, even the creeping things of the earth, the mean ephemera of the air, in the perfection of outward loveliness, surpass thee: yet, thou art more than these: but what makes you so? the argument of reason shews you it is not beauty that renders you more excellent than they are: true! perchance you will say, like us they eat, they drink, they sleep, but, like us, they know not why they live, and for what purpose they exist: basking at pleasure, they feel the solar heat, and tremble in the northern blast, but they know not why or whence it comes.

Then would you infer, that knowledge and art render man most supremely blest: happier beasts, happier still I say ye are, though ignorant, for sophistry leads you not astray, art teaches you not to deceive; and, because ye know not the extent of nature's law, rash ambition cannot tempt you to go beyond its wisely-prescribed bounds; unendowed with the faculty of speech, they neither are less blessed, for they cannot lie, they cannot slander, perjure, or forswear. Fired with shame at being surpassed in excellence by the insensate beings of creation, will you, still to dispute your mistaken authority, argue, that it is the more exquisite sense of pleasurable fruition makes your estate more perfect or more happy than theirs? Let me ask, in fair refutation thereof, who sleeps without fear? Not man: he fears his own brother, lest he should betray him, even unto death! Yet the tiger sleeps dauntless and undisturbed throughout the day, and, when at sun-set from his lair he arises, finds him strengthened and refreshed: even the timorous hare enjoys a secure retreat in the untrodden wood, whilst the little red-breast, in his matin song, tells ye his night's rest no cruel brawl, no midnight horror, rendered unhappy; the kindly zephyrs of heaven only were heard whispering through the leafy grove, to lull each the ærial songsters to their soft quietude and peace.

Who

Who eats with greater appetite than the brute creation? they know no willing excess, therefore are never cloyed! what natural pleasure also do they not taste, and that with better appetite, for they heed no shame! Then what is it, O man, maketh thee more blessed, more happy, noble, and more admirable, than that brute, at once so joyous, so beautiful, so sensual, beyond thy lot, yet are they less than thee? even is it humanity: the divine practice alone of what that fair virtue recommends is the sovereign power that renders you more supremely endowed, than all the productions of art and nature; yes, reason and experience have proved long ago men were creation's lords, and skilful power daily confirms the affianced right; but, nor power, nor reason, makes you more worthy or more happy therein, but it is the harmonizing spirit of humanity, glowing so predominant within.

Nature's rich abundant produce, the beasts of the field, and all living creatures, are yours, by the gift of God himself: power makes you their lords and masters, wisdom also teaches you how to use them; but remember humanity alone instructs you how to use them well, whose wise dictates we should rejoice ever to obey, for thereby we honour the trust heaven hath placed in our hands, and recommend ourselves to the possession of its promised joys to come. Art teaches you how to subdue the bestial strength; humanity learns you how to preserve the weak; brutes know how to avenge; but man, influenced by humanity, knoweth how to forgive; and, it is nobly affirmed, "to forgive is divine!"

The dumb beings of mortality had power and parts bestowed on them, to render them useful and serviceable to man: we were created for a nobler purpose, to render thanks and grateful praise to the Creator, for all his works and creatures, and wisely had immortality given us, that such praise and gratitude should be everlasting, and that we might be prepared for the bliss and glory of heaven, in whose realms alone it can be truly pure and perfect, and where we only can enjoy the real and permanent happiness virtue deserves, whose portals he
only

only who obeys the dictates of humanity can enter. Humanity not only makes us happy here, but, when reason and inspiration assure you there is a happiness to be enjoyed hereafter, it teaches you how, by good actions, to attain it. ⁽¹⁶⁾

List then, O list! to her fond assuasive voice! Humanity speaks not in the brazen effrontery of authority and insolence, nor lisps she in the foreign accents of superstition; she is no heresearch, she addresses ye in the roseate pudency of holy love; her terse accents, unconstrained, fall light and gentle upon the bosom of humble virtue, as the refreshing dew of heaven upon the tender floweret's bloom; her's is the language of all-hallowed nature; list! so emphatic! so pithy! she never pleads in vain; its power is best exemplified in the love which endears a parent to its offspring; cry, cry, sweet babe, and wilt not thy mother fondly come to thine assistance? Come, generous youth, canst thou unmoved view thy brother sinking beneath the deleterious flood of death! How cursed the insensibility that steels thy bosom if you can; O curse thy anomalous heart!

O thou! whose heart is somewhat callous, invoke Humanity to soften it, imitate her actions, follow her footsteps; O seek her daily; remember, she seldom resides in the palace, but is oft, with tearful eyes, seen peeping in at the poor cottager's door! though all-powerful, all-worthy, and all-wise, she seldom sits aneath the gold empurpled canopy, nor delights to taste the meed of her greatness in the silvery cups of flattery and splendour! but, enthroned in the heart of humble virtue, she never turns away an ear to the plaintive tale of woe. She proudly treads not the gay and public paths of life; but, where the pale glimmering lamp just gleams sufficient to render visible the misery of mortality, there her arm extends the sweet relief; there upon his rattling chains the tear of pity she lets fall, so powerful and so kind: sometimes it rusts them off entire from his ever-grateful limbs. O what virtue there is in the tear of humanity! the same kind eye not intent to peruse the eulogium of flattery, but the debt of honour, which the poor confined debtor all-trembling holds forth suppliant to her sight,

it is she reads, and, ah! a tear, another tear, she lets fall upon the amount, and blots it out for ever: for, the tear of pity is the receipt in full of honour.

O Humanity! she sleeps neither on the soft downy couch of insensate ease, but baffling with tempestuous horrors, floating on the surfy bosom of the angry deep, in her strong arms, smiling she upbears the shipwrecked mariner to the rocky shore, nor rests she there, nor lays his head upon a pillow so hard, but chafing his inanimate limbs in the arms of her kindness, her bosom to the ruthless storm she willingly lays bare, to place her mariner forlorn, his head, his aching head, thereon.

Oh! so great and noble are all her actions! imitate, follow her, then you cannot err by the way, for she treads ever in the rectilinear path of virtue, leading to happiness and honour. Hark, she calls you! Listen to her excellent dictates, for they inform you how to act worthy of her service, and thus lead a goodly life here, and deserve a better hereafter. When you find an evil, the mental disease growing within, strive instantaneously to eradicate it, stifle its fast-increasing power in its very anabasis, nip folly in the bud, rescind all those borrowed principles so repugnant to the practice of honour and virtue, for they are also irrelevant to the attainment of human felicity. Manumit your minds likewise from the manacles of prejudice, truckle not with vice or folly, ever foster and cherish magnanimity and beneficence within; be not your charity ostentatious, nor do good by stealth; yet be your bosom ever redolent of love and charity towards all men, let it glow with a passion just warm enough to animate the heart, it contains, to do good: but, above all, be careful to avoid the calentures of love, for they propagate the frenzy of deleterious ungovernable lust. O mortal, thou art no automaton, but guided by a conscience, a divinity within, arbiter twixt good and evil, never deciding extrajudicially, but, as our friendly monitor, it ever warns us from impervious danger and visible error, it is the mind's grand palladium of honour and happiness; for, whilst its decisions dwell paramount in its estimation, you cannot err in choosing the

the right way to do what is wise and good ; it also elucidates, points the most acroamatical, dubious, and abstruse ; it is Nature herself, blended with humanity, for it ever forbids cruelty and unkindness, and, by the secret impulse of exultation inwardly to be felt, strongly recommends the pleasure that is concentrate in the practice of love and virtue ; therefore, having such an unerring guide, as long as you attend to the way it advises to be pursued, you cannot fail to do aright : in the noble and most zealous dispensations either of love, charity, philanthropy, and benevolence, to entertain the generous and well-established assuetude of the laudable practice thereof, I would also in strongest terms recommend—by observing, that, thereby your actions shall be assimilated to those of the God of heaven and earth. In this dark, wicked, world, you will appear a luminary, that tracks its wondrous and sublime course far above the common sphere of mortality : thus, having gained the zenith of human merit and greatness, you likewise will experience the acme of human felicity as your reward, a reward so rich, so pleasurable, its possession will almost antedate the promised bliss of heaven. Yes, leave now and then the table of your luxuries, and visit the miserable pallet of sickness, poverty, and distress ; shed a tear of pity for the sufferings of your fellow-creatures, and retire transported with unspeakable happiness at the dear recollection of the relief you afforded the deplorable object you just have left, smiling with gratitude, amid the tears of his afflictions ; and do thou also pray, with lip and fervency unfeigned, the Divinity we all adore, to inspire your heart with kindness to repeat the generous deed, whenever real necessity demands the benign tribute of your sympathy.

And ye who live in pomp, ease, and splendour, be content to abstain awhile from luxuries that only enervate you, and enter with trembling steps the dreadful, loathsome, lazar-house : there learn what it is to suffer the pains unknown to you, even in fancy, and shuddering at the appearance of the dire reality of misery and anguish human

nature must sustain:—do thou pity her, and bestow the fond relief.

Enrich, with a generous donation, the hospital, infirmary, and bedehouse, that the generous and noble intention of its institution may be more amply extended to a diminution of the miseries of mortality, encourage honest industry, expedite and facilitate the noble attainment of happiness, that virtue in poverty sighs for, and deserves. Let not modest worth neglected lie; assert the prerogative of powerless innocence; protect the weak and defenceless from the oppressive power of villany; and set the public example of justice and piety, love and benevolence.

Oh! let the brute be distinguished still by its natural ferocity, and man by his inborn pathos, suavity of manners, and amenity of disposition; let him glory to be the conservator of falling honour and virtue; let him thereby relume the flame evanescent of human bliss, and restore the paradisiacal happiness of the primitive and the golden ages. Oh! when shall we say

Jam redit et Virgo redennt Saturnia regna :
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto : —
 ————— Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

As the sheeny excellence of humanity renders the actions of man more brilliant, so does the gloom of inhumanity o'erfilm even the most wondrous and important deeds.

Man, being endowed with reason, was made superior to all other creatures, the reflected image of his Maker, and next to the angels; but, how far below, not himself alone, but even the brute, doth inhumanity render him! Surely a consideration of such importance, one would be apt to think might avert the base desire of injustice and cruelty: but how unhappily do we mistake! each risen sun is a daily, yes, an hourly, witness of some fresh unnatural horror, some lamentable cruelty, and some atrocious villany. O man! why will you be so base and unjust? If you have not enough, hath not heaven inspired thee
 with

with the knowledge of other means, than by unnatural cruelty and injustice, to obtain more? Since self-reflection will not avail, shall the puny dumb beings of the earth set thy refined understandings an example? if so, it must be: observe their fair economy; mark the bee, and be industrious; let not the little ant be provident, and exceed thee.

Have you enough, be also content. The elephant, as he strides gigantic his wondrous course along, when lying at his feet he views the helpless and deserted infant, will stop, and, touched with pity, nobly turn aside, shaking in the air his huge proboscis as a token. "The world is wide enough for us all." As for man, he, alas! will often journey far and wide to wreak unnatural vengeance on his devoted brother, sooner than turn a step out of his way to relieve him.

Man, alas! wherefore art thou so inhuman? Whence thine horrible apathy? it is not in thy nature. What then influenceth thine heart? What renders it so obdurate and cold? not the weather; the inclemency of the seasons cannot even move its slightest resolution. The sun-beams dry not up a tear; the hoar-frost, although it manacles the hands in fetters of ice, has not the power to congeliate those generous drops, that, flowing near the tender heart, warm and animate it to love and kindness: nor doth the winter's cold freeze up the pleasurable way to pity, for the effect of nature has power only over the body. The efforts of pity, therefore, remain unshaken; for they produce the noblest action of the soul, and, in whatever bosom its kindred flame is kindled, the glory it emanates is most effulgent and lovely to behold; being also a celestial flame, a heaven-born fire, no mortal power can suppress its radiance; the wintry gale may blow hard and rudely upon the bosom whose sighs engender the spark, and fan it to that flame; but, however violent the gust, it cannot extinguish it. Nor doth the roaring wind drown the deep-fetched sigh: amid the cannon's thunders, the breath of mercy may be heard and felt beneath the pealing storm. The bear, (mark, O man! the ravin bear,) with the softest lips of ferine affection, will lick its wounded

wounded dying cubs upon the floating ice, and roar in the northern blast for pity and for grief. The fond hen, though she herself trembles beneath the tempest's fury, will shield, beneath her kindly-mantled wings, her tender chickens from the pelting storm : and is not man thy brother ?

The power of pity, when once implanted in the congenial soil of the human heart, is not to be suppressed by the frown imperious and malign of cruel man, although surpassing in effect the scathy keenness of the wintry blast ; nor, as I have before observed, are its prolific blossoms to be blighted by the inclemency of the seasons, or destroyed by the sad influence sorrow and misfortune may have over the bosom that fosters them, which, though the force of the calamity may be so desperate as to contract in some degree the extension of its honey-blessings to others, they leave its power still the same, or, if any way altered, it is for the better ; for our sorrows, the keener they operate upon the heart, thereby endowing it with a nobler and more perfect fellow-feeling, only render the bosom that contains it, the more sublimely susceptible of commiseration for the ills of others. Thus the blossoms of pity may flourish better when watered by a tear. Blossoms ! whose beauty and virtues are not to be diminished by the unaptness of time, the incongruity of place, or the peculiarity of circumstance ; for the honey their fleshy calice doth embosom and engender is more plentifully to be gathered in the hour of peril, and amid the horrors of the fate-winged storm, than when beams forth the sunshine of heaven's loving-kindness and favour ; for, not like other plants is that of pity ; they exfoliate their treasured sweets to the industrious fly, only when the solar ray warms the blooming buds, whereas the calice of pity unfolds the wider, as the tempest becomes more furious, dangerous, and destructive ; for then it is, that most analogous to the man of sorrow and misfortune, the storm o'ertaken and the way-laid honey-bee, creeping as it were between its leaves, values the shelter they afford more dearly ; then it is, the honey of relief is to the sufferer and unfortunate more sweet and grateful. O whence then

then the obduracy of the heart of man? What renders it so insensate, that it contemns the pleasures concentrate in the practice of philanthropy and benevolence? it arises neither from prejudice, false delicacy, caprice, or the conceit of fashion, nor from disgust, caused at the appearance an act of kindness bears; for pity most richly ornatcs the love-glowing cheek, o'er whose roseate blush, its precious tear-drops distream; and they, who wear them often there, may glory therein with a nobler zeal of soul-lifting pride, than he who, on his undaunted front, can boast the warrior's deep-cut scars; for there is as much honour and commendation due to him who sheds his tears for the miseries of his fellow-creatures, as to him who sheds his blood for his country, his friend, or his king!

As grateful to misery is the tear
 That from the eye of pity gently flows,
 And it as ornamental doth appear
 As glist'ning dew-drops to the budding rose.

Like the sweet dew of heav'n, — yea, all in all,
 Is lovely pity's sacred pearly tear,
 Both, unconstrain'd, gently and lightly fall,
 Causing the drooping gaily to appear.

Think not ye lose by a free display of universal charity and benevolence, for it in return entitles you to the gratitude of him your kindness extends to, which, if ungratefully denied, you have a claim upon the favour of heaven, whose blessing, sooner or later will visit you; for an act of benevolence resembles the flower, that receiving nourishment from the stream, on whose margin it grew, in grateful return enshadowed with its wide o'er-spreading foliage the friendly flood, against the intense corruptive heat of the solar beams; and thus, whilst it preserved it pure, cool, and free, from the noisome animalcula such sultry rays might procreate, it also preserved the kindly stream undiminished by exhalation, and uncorrupted in its nutritious

tious quality, to water and nourish its root, when many flowers of the field thirsted in vain for so sweet a favour ; thus, he, who exhibits kindness to those who want it, oftentimes benefits himself, at least he loses not by being generous, nor is he impoverished.

The clouds cannot miss the rich dew's they shed,
And bland pity's tears her fond bosom can't,
But rather doth kind heav'n decree instead,
That she, dear gentle maid, shall never want.

Yes, as dew's fall unconstrain'd and uncontroll'd,
So droppeth pity's voluntary tear ;
Say not, then, self-mis'ry makes your hearts so cold,
That pity cannot come, and there dwell near.

Once on my swoln bosom fell a fair drop of snow,
And staid even where my sad heart panted near,
Till feeling the burning anguish that glow'd below,
Cold as it was, kindly melted to a tear.

Whence then this grievous apathy, this hard-heartedness, so cruel, so deserving of divine wrath? for, were it natural to be callous to a fellow-feeling, it would be a misfortune, instead of a crime, and claim our pity, rather than our censure ; but, as it is not, to be so inhuman, callous, and inhospitable, is a fault of your own seeking, and the judgement thereon impending you can lay at no one's door. You cannot excuse yourself by saying it is the force of either precept or example ; for, who teacheth cruelty and rapacity, murder, plunder, and revenge? True, the keen-eyed hawk wars with the sparrow, the vulture with the lamb, the spider spreads a snare for the butterfly, the lion delights to plunge his iron fangs into the heart of the dying kid, dogs quarrel with dogs, and wolves with bears ; but will man, enlightened man, so demean his more sacred nature, to imitate them, and war with fellow-man, vainly and inhumanly to triumph over that weakness, which strength extraordinary was given him rather to cherish and protect? The law of in-

stinct,

instinct justifies their conduct, whereas the sublimer law of reason and humanity condemns yours. It is proved, it is in their natures to war and be cruel, but not in yours; for docility and softness are human nature's characteristics. Man was born naked and offenceless; he had nothing about him to prove he was made for war, but he had an understanding, and a principle of ratiocination given, to enable him to promulgate peace and harmony, even where there was none; to tame the savage, and humanize the brute, to blend the lily with the rose, to pluck the foul destructive weed from the bed of blooming sweetness and vernal utility, and plant in its stead the kindly-prolific verdure, whose fruit yields to the body aliment, comfort, happiness, and health. Yes, heaven made you not to destroy, and with natures quite averse to cruelty; for, ye tremble when it is practised on yourselves, shudder when inflicted on others, and abhor its power, when perpetrated by strangers; yet you will, for selfish uses, call art to your aid, to forge the sword, and invoke invention to manufacture the dastard gunpowder, for purposes most diabolical; necessity hath taught the unmeaning brutes to prey upon one another, but the art of war is your most pleasing, noble, and most fashionable study. Even is he, who kills the most men in falsely-called glorious battle, more applauded, than the gentle shepherd, who hourly watches the fatness and growth of the lambkin, to your bodies' use and best comfort.

O man! once "the noblest work of God," how art thou changed? to what a degenerate state art thou fallen? a state, Humanity shudders at! yes, alas! for thou hast learned an art to love, and studiest by rule to gain an entrance into heaven! Even hath he also drawn a line of demarcation, for the once boundless hopes of honour and of virtue; the former is confined to the point of the sword or the muzzle of the pistol, and virtue, if it hath no gold to burnish its humble nature, must be sent by corrupt, mercenary, priests, to purgatory, or condemned to take its abode in the nauseous cemetery. Yes, even for money, will they sell heaven itself, and quote the ritual, for its market-
D
price.

price. Blush, blush ! well you may : yes ; “ I have thought some of nature’s journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitate humanity so abominably.” — Long before this, the divine Astrea had fled to her native abode.

Then, since neither example nor precedent can justify man’s unreasonable inhumanity, his ingratitude must certainly be the sole cause thereof. O ingratitude, thou slackener of the course of mercy, charity, and of love ; thou grand primeval curse, that human nature suffered for ; how detestable art thou !

In the sigh of pity, we may find an indescribable pleasure, if the object of its compassion is benefited therein ; and a more sweet return, if he be but grateful. The principle reason she refuses to dispense her charities more frequent and impartially, arises from a well and too truly-grounded fear, lest the boon of love should be ill-bestowed upon the unworthy or ungrateful. Thus bland Pity, her hand fondly placed upon her heaving bosom, in her vesperian anthem, chants, to the sighing, sympathetic, blast, her hopes and fears.

I taste a secret pleasure here,
 A joy sense can’t impart,
 It heaves a sigh, it yields a tear,
 Yet it delights the heart.
 This wondrous joy, by sorrow fed,
 My pride for ever be,
 So, thou distress’d, the tears I shed
 Be never lost on thee.

But come that sweet return so rare !
 O play that heav’nly part !
 Which charms no eye, which charms no ear,
 But, oh ! which charms the heart,
 That sacred pledge, return so rare,
 Is all requir’d for me :
 So, thou distress’d, the joys I share
 Be double unto thee.

Thus,

Thus, ingratitude is the origin of inhumanity, in the soft virtuous bosom, as well as in the hard insensate heart; for, it learns it oftentimes to deafen its power against the cry of real misery, as thinking it to be the feigned voice of that apostate, ingratitude!

O thou worst of human vices, unknown to the most savage animals that prowl the drear forest or the desert wild, how I abhor thee! Thou attribute of him who inhabits Pandemonium's blackest realms, how I hate thee!

Of him who will for honour die,
Of him who yields to love a sigh,
Whilst mercy can with justice vie,
He, who displays Humanity,

Stands first :

Of him who doth his friend belie,
Of him who mocks that Pow'r on high,
Whilst from vengeance sinners fly,
He, who enacts inhumanly,

Is worst :

Of him who pity will deny,
Of him whom no tear wets his eye,
Whilst heav'n inclines to mis'ry's cry,
He is, who acts ungratefully,

Most curst.

But he, who a brother's faults forgives,
He, who comfort to the poor man gives,
What godlike actions he achieves,

How lovely in our eyes !

He, who his friend of his right deprives,
He, who upon his friend's ruin thrives,
Alas ! how like less than man he lives !

How like a brute he dies !

He, who graceless 'gainst his God connives,
 And bad for good wilfully contrives,
 Accurs'd is the hole in which he hives;
 Him God and men despise;

But he, who with kind, charitable, heart,
 With the poor man shares a gen'rous part,
 Rendereth heav'n itself more seeming just;
 And there an honour lies!

And he, who with savage, unnat'ral, hands,
 Another's blessing for himself demands,
 Makes heav'n itself, vainly, oft-times accurst,
 Then, how vengeance flies!

Again, let me observe, that thou, inhuman man! whose chief pride and delight should be to resemble your God in acts of humanity and benevolence, in the neglect and omission of a practice so truly ennobling to human nature, must render yourself less in estimation, and more cruel, than the vile reptiles of the earth. The hideous rattle-snake, ere it coils its spotted length into the spiral dart of its defence, will warn the wary traveller's ear with its rattle, that he may shun the leprous danger; but you will cloak the cruel purpose of your heart in night's black disguise, and take the innocent whilst sleeping. The dog, faithful to its post, will catch in his kindly mouth his sinking master from a watery grave. The fond pelican will expectorate and pour out its very heart's blood for its young: but thy fondness, blessed bird, we hardly can expect man to imitate, and rob himself, to benefit another, when he so unkindly will withhold that sweet power of relief, which, though far from injuring himself, might, in the end, be not only a blessing to him who wants it, but an honour to him who bestows it. Alas! how many there are, who tread the vale of mortality, and obstinately keep the same tract a blind and depraved inclination leads them in, neither turning aside to relieve another of his burthen, or disengage him of his own,
 however

however reason and humanity offer to dictate the right way thereto.

Thus, thus, have I said, thus have you heard ; and, if a farther description of the sad effects of inhumanity will tend to create a stronger disgust and hatred to the vice than you already must feel, read then the following fragment of a tale of woe ; and may the moral be conducive to fire your heart with the love and practice of those virtues, that must abhor a cruelty so unprecedented as the following. — It is impossible for either the poet or the painter sufficiently to delineate the horror impressed on the distorted countenances of the hopeless mariners : they had long, in the forlorn agony of despair, left the ship to the mercy of the waves, at the same time, when many also committed their souls to the mercy of heaven ; for too well all knew their bodies shortly would be committed to the unfathomable deep ! Dreadful was the lingering suspense 'twixt hope of life and fear of death, which no solemn consolatory silence rendered supportable ; for, alas ! the female passengers on-board shrieked terrific, the sea roared hideous o'er the deck, the hollow-raging wind clattered in the renten shrouds, and oftentimes, between the repeated thundering o'er their aching heads, a cry, more dismal sound than all, of " Lost ! lost ! " issued, in despairing accents, from the mouths of the fainting sailors.

At length, with pain they beheld, on one side, day dawning to their sight ; it shewed no help was nigh, but was to them as to the condemned captive, who deeper groans, when, through a crevice of his dungeon, the piercing power of light gleams in trembling ray, as it only tended to render misery more visible. For, oh ! before them every thing lay in the disordered agony of useless despair ; and, on another side, they beheld the black rocks beetling on the coast of Cornwall ! to them equally fateful, as is the black frown of incensed Justice to the confronted offender, highly arraigned before her. Of the inhumanity of the Cornish men towards virtue in distress, I need not here particularly depict, as surely it is already known, as too well it was dreaded by those unfortunates, my fancy now
slightly

slightly pictures before your already-wounded reflections ; they dreaded the o'erwhelming wave, yet wished not to escape it, for a more cruel, barbarous, and unnatural, death awaited them on shore ; they silently dreaded, ah ! what ? too sad to relate ! they expected no relief from their fellow-creatures, but, dreaded a certain death at the hand of a brother ! one of their own countrymen. ' Indeed, are we not all brothers ? but, alas ! they were murderers ; O worse than savages ! Yes, such a death, each would undoubtedly have shared, had all have escaped the glutless maw of the devouring ocean, within whose insatiate bowels they soon were ingulfed ; for, soon were the words of " Lost ! lost ! " now verified. Yes, the vessel struck upon a sunken rock, and, bulging, instantaneously fell to pieces ! — to perish all ! — ah no ! each fared as well as he could : but, of the many, Claudio only reached the shore ! Wearied and faint, awhile in the hollow of a rock he senseless lay ; when, having recovered, he arose, with difficulty climbed its steep and craggy sides. At length, gaining the safe land it was the barrier of protection to, he industriously sought some friendly help and consolation from those who dwelt upon its surface ; but, such was his hapless care, chance led him to a cottage, alas ! upon whose chimney-top no turtle-dove ever wooed his lovely mate ! in its ragged thatch, no nested, chirping, robin sat lightly o'er its callow young : nor did Humanity, humbly arrayed in smiles of calm content and jocund hospitality, dwell beneath its lonely roof ; but, ah ! as if choaked with the murky smoke its noisome chimney breathed, the aloof-passing vulture screams aloud, and hasty cleaves the distant skies, for thither dwelt barbarous insensibility, whose hard, impure, carrion, heart, the starved wolf, howling in the pitiless blast, would even vomit at ! Yes, thither dwelt one, of whose callousness, cruelty, and insensibility, let the forlorn, unhappy, suppliant, the shipwrecked Claudio, as he stood awhile at his inhospitable door, in the following piteous strains, pronounce an eternal, true, and indelible stain, on the character of man !

“ Oh !

" Oh ! pity, pity, a poor sailor-boy,
" Whom adverse winds have wreck'd on yonder coast !
" And, above, you'll share that e'erlasting joy,
" Which the uncharitable ne'er can boast.

" From pole to pole the dreadful thunder roars !
" The vivid lightning flashes from the sky,
" The sea rolls high, in torrents the rain pours,
" Oh ! open now, or on the ground I die !

" Alas ! alas ! no charity dwells here !
" But flinty hearts, as chilly as the wind,
" Insensible alike to all, but fear,
" Dead to their own wants, and to others blind.

" Then, from your cot of misery I'll fly,
" And, to a kinder friend, my tale relate,
" The howling deep shall listen to my cry,
" Since man is deaf unto my hapless fate.

" My belov'd father in the sea lies dead,
" And I'm a helpless orphan, here alone,
" For mother's heart was broke, her soul is sped,
" And both their spirits to kind heaven's gone.

Thus spake the youth, then hied him to a rock,
Whose strength had brav'd the reach of waves below,
And frowningly withstood the ponderous shock
Of present times and ages long ago.

With eager eyes he views the beetling steep,
Dreadful to all but him who doth despair,
" In your raging breast, I shall peaceful sleep,
" And rest me safe from brutal man and care."

Thus to the sea breathes forth his doleful cry,
" O gulf immense ! will nought but me suffice ?
" Thou hast my father !" (then he heav'd a sigh ;)
" My mother too has been your sacrifice.

" Must

"Must innocence for guile condemned be?"

"Nay, not far hence hard-hearted man doth bide;

"Spread there thy furious waves, not on me,

"But those who ill to others oft betide."

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! before him stood

A man of aspect fierce, with cutlass drawn :

"Say boy, why stay'st thou here? I fear no good!

"For why that quiv'ring lip, that look forlorn?

"Thou'rt in league against our valiant band,

"Some hidden treasures claim thy watchful care,

"Thou art a spy; unfold, I thee command!

"Or with the damn'd take thy deserved share."

To him th' affrighted youth made this reply,

"No sordid lust of avarice, nor ill

"To thee, or thine, doth this my fear imply,

"But here to die is my sole wish and will.

"My poverty I pleaded at your door,

"Talk'd of knowing hunger, and parching thirst,

"And how by drinking * I increas'd it more,

"(But, of all reliefs, death must be my first.)

"For, no tender pity e'er possess'd your breast,

"To hospitality you are a foe,

"A troubled conscience doth thy mind infest,

"Happiest when the stormy winds most blow."

So true he spoke, that thus the villain said,

"Too true it is, knave!" and aim'd his steel so well,

That soon the youth's remaining life high fled,

A prey to inhumanity he fell!

* Alluding to the salt water he had been constrained to drink.

ALPHONSO AND MADALENE.

AN IMITATION.

As a croisade so brave and a virgin so fair
Convers'd on an evening serene,
Their fond love for each other their looks did declare,
When Alphonso the knight, sighing, gave a wild stare,
And thus spake to his dear Madalene.

" A most glorious cause calls your true-love to war,
" From you full I'm loath to depart,
" For this much do I fear when I'm from thee so far,
" Some proud wealthy noble our great fondness will mar,
" And by riches gain o'er your heart ! "

When thus the fair maiden to Alphonso reply'd,
" And I also shall grieve when thou'rt gone,
" For fear, like unto thine, doth my poor heart betide,
" Lest some handsome lady you should take for your bride,
" And forget Madalene so love-lorn ! "

" Ah ! hush those suspicions," thus spake the brave knight,
" No more will we doubt our true love,
" To think on Madalene shall be my sole delight,
" Either waking, or sleeping, or in bloody fight,
" I swear by that Power above.

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" Adieu !

"Adieu ! now I go, so farewell, Madalene !"

He then ardently kiss'd her white hand,

Now, bitterly sighing, prov'd his sorrows were keen,

Then broke from her arms, soon was no more to be seen,

For swift, though unwilling, tript he over the green,

To proceed to the far-distant land.

With eyes bedew'd with tears, and a heart almost broke,

Poor Madalene kneel'd on the lawn,

And thus to high heaven with true energy spoke,

"Permit me a virgin thy sure aid to invoke,

"For him who to Palestine's gone.

"Crown his arms with success, grant he may survive,

"And 'scape the vile infidels darts :

"But, should death my fond heart of its fair hopes deprive,

"This is all that I ask, (God my rashness forgive !)

"May we be united, either dead or alive,

"And join in the grave hands and hearts !"

Scarce said, scarce arose, when roar'd the thunder aloud,

Blue lightnings flash over her face,

She look'd up, but saw none, save an ominous cloud,

Swell'd, and ready to burst o'er the place where she stood,

When tow'rds home she ran with quick pace.

Now, her home was the castle of Clement the Bold,

(The fair maiden's fond father so dear,)

Where, on the left, a high mountain shields off the cold,

Slow around its strong walls a steep rivulet roll'd,

And, on the right, a thick wood grew near.

Four strong tow'rs defending, its four corners adorn,

'Twas a castle delightful to view,

Afore its western gate was a beautiful lawn,

Where frisk'd the fleet hind, and high bounded the fawn,

As about it the elm and oak grew. —

Now

Now a hurricane blew, and the storm had increas'd,
 When the fair one arriv'd at her home,
 Now quite easy she felt, from fear being releas'd,
 When once more she trembled, for a father displeas'd,
 For then into her room was he come.

" Say now, where have you been ? " thus he eager demands,
 " A courting some poor knight I trow,
 " Leave off those mean notions, and 'bey my commands,
 " And go courting of one who hath titles and lands,
 " Ev'n him, who is come for thee now.

" For know, in our great hall, a rich baron doth wait,
 " His title LORD LEON, so proud,
 " So first thank kind heav'n for your most happy fate,
 " Then pay your obeisance to the baron so great,
 " Who has lands and riches untold."

Saying so, with a frown, of her hand he caught hold,
 To proceed in all haste to the hall,
 When around his firm knees she her arms did enfold,
 Declar'd her great hatred for proud Leon, so bold,
 And thus artless her love for Alphonso she told,
 As at his feet she trembling did fall.

" O hear me, dear father, if thy child thou dost love,
 " My faith to Alphonso I've pledg'd,
 " And this have I declar'd, to just heaven above,
 " That I unto my vows true and constant will prove,
 " That none my affections shall ever remove
 " From him to whom they are engag'd."

First on his fair daughter the fond father did gaze,
 Then her constancy firm he admir'd,
 When an unpleasant thought fix'd him deep in amaze,
 His long-confin'd passion burst out in a blaze,
 His breast with ambition was fir'd.

"What, will you remain thus degen'rate and base?

"And the proffer'd honour refuse,

"Know, on your denial, waits eternal disgrace,

"All remembrance of you from my mind I'll erase,

"For, my parental care you abuse.

"To consider your will three full days I'll allow,

"Till then, let me not see your face,

"When the time is elaps'd, talk no more of your vow,

"But unto my commands with humility bow,

"Or dread everlasting disgrace."

Thus saying, he in haste from her presence retir'd,

Nor would he his fair daughter hear,

But declar'd he was grown of excuses quite tir'd,

"Strict obedience" he said, "was all he requir'd,"

Then left her o'erwhelmed with fear.

Now two days of suspense, now two nights of distress,

Had witness'd fair Madalene's sorrow,

Now the third had arriv'd, neither did she sigh less,

When once more to kind heav'n she put up an address,

To know how to act for the morrow.

"O Protector!" she pray'd, "me thy vot'ry relieve,

"By thy wisdom my youth now instruct,

"How my father's regard towards me to retrieve,

"For, no hatred to him did I ever conceive,

"'Twas love only his will did obstruct.

"It was love for Alphonso, the true and the bold,

"Who far distant crusading is gone,

"Did filial duty from a parent withhold,

"Caused me to refuse titles, honours, and gold,

"And for which I am thus left forlorn."

Long pausing, she mus'd, and most bitterly sigh'd,

Then, beating her breast in despair,

Thus

Thus to her absent love most lamentably cry'd,
 " Oh ! say, my Alphonso, Oh ! say, where dost thou 'bide,
 " Whether now to trouble, or to bliss, thou'rt ally'd,
 " Whether ill or well thou dost fare ? "

The night now far was advanc'd, now hard blew the wind,
 The rain batter'd the casements about,
 She thought on the late hour ; fear rush'd over her mind ;
 Now, so timid she grows, she scarce dare look behind,
 When the light of the taper blew out.

All was still save the wind, she heard none but the rain,
 While thick darkness her fair form surrounds,
 Fancy-wrought images so bewilder'd her brain,
 She secretly dreaded thus alone to remain,
 For, her name a voice unknown low sounds.

First dauntless she listens the sound once more to hear,
 As thinking 'twas the wind or the rain,
 When a light through the crevice renewed her fear,
 And as towards the door she all-trembling drew near,
 The self-same voice unknown then once more met her ear,
 " Alas ! Madalene ! " sigh'd it again.

Attentive on the door firm she fixed her eyes,
 And stood wondering, like one entranc'd,
 O ! what tongue can describe her affright and surprise,
 When the latch of the door three times slowly did rise,
 On its hinges harsh creak'd, then, slow open it flies,
 And a figure in armour advanc'd.

In his right hand was a sword, all reeking with gore,
 His breast was all cover'd with blood,
 His left arm thrice he wav'd, thrice look'd back on the door,
 Then, hastily aside his steel corslet he tore,
 And gazing on Madalene stood.

Then his helm he unloos'd, sheath'd the sword by his side,
 And in a voice hollow and low,

" Behold

“ Behold your Alphonso ! Now behold me ! ” he cry’d,
“ See, ’tis not by an infidel’s hand that I dy’d,
“ But by a less suspected foe.”

He then shew’d a deep wound, fast from whence blood did flow,
And thus continu’d to say,
“ Revenge on my enemy heaven will allow,
“ Remember the duty to a parent you owe
“ Is all that at present I would wish you to know ! ”
And that instant vanish’d away.

Madalene, fill’d with horror, sunk down on her bed,
Nor wak’d, ’till the morn had arriv’d,
When the over-night’s mystery fill’d her with dread,
She weigh’d in her mind what the spectre had said,
But, when she remember’d Alphonso was dead,
She was of all senses depriv’d.

Scarce had she recover’d the effect of her fright,
Scarce had she mourn’d him that was dead,
When arraying herself in a robe of snow-white,
To her father she went, and, with seeming delight,
Own’d herself “ to do willing whate’er he thought right,
“ And even proud Leon to wed.”

Now, her father is pleas’d, and makes this kind reply,
As of her fair hand he took hold,
“ O most duteous child ! what, then, will you comply ?
“ And my anxious wishes no longer deny,
“ To marry great Leon, the bold ?

“ In that then I’m happy, but there’s one thing I dread,
“ And that is, what I dreamed last night,
“ For, behold, as asleep I lay on my bed,
“ Trouble so bewilder’d my brain and my head,
“ As disclos’d to my view this sad sight.

“ Methought that the baron brought the writings to sign,
“ And, as in our north tow’r we stood,

“ Yes,

" Yes, all of a sudden, the lights dimly did shine,

" When, oh ! how I trembled, as I saw ev'ry line

" Three times appear'd written with blood.

" The surprise was so great, I awoke from my sleep,

" And, since the sad vision I saw,

" I've been in my chamber, have done nothing but weep,

" The fear of the omen o'er my soul doth so creep,

" Oh ! so fills me with terror and awe."

Scarce now had he related and finish'd his tale,

When in came the baron so proud,

On entering, he all of a sudden turn'd pale,

" A good morning, Sir Knight ! " thus he Clement did hail,

And in a stiff manner low bow'd.

First astonish'd he stood, when he saw Madalene,

Then this he in great raptures exclaim'd,

" For e'er bless'd be he, O thou Beauty's fair Queen,

" That for this present happiness didst intervene,

" For, sure greater loveliness eyes never have seen,

" Of which no angel need be asham'd.

" O say, thou fair virgin, to my fearful heart say,

" That none but me you will love,

" This then of my whole life is the happiest day,

" For the joyful wedding we'll no longer delay,

" As your consent soon shall prove."

Slightly assents Madalene, to church they depart,

Which unto the castle was near,

When the bell, solemnly tolling, they suddenly start,

On each other wild looks of amazement they dart,

All but Madalene tremble with fear.

She, boldly proceeding, them with courage inspir'd,

They soon at the altar arrive,

Where stood ten young virgins, all in white robes attir'd,

When, " Who rang the bell ? " all impatient inquir'd,

But no knowledge could they derive.

Now,

Now, the cōwled priest for the marriage prepares,
 The ceremony now is begun,
 When his troth for fair Madalene Leon declares,
 But trembleth, as wildly all around him he stares,
 For, again, the bell hoarsely tolls ONE.

Then the baron once more pledg'd his troth to his bride,
 When he doubly with horror's possess'd,
 For a man, clad all in armour, stood by his side,
 Whom, having the company attentively ey'd,
 Thus, the affrighted baron address'd : —

“ Stay, thou foul murderer, thy polluted hand stay,
 “ Nor innocence dare to defile !
 “ Behold in me the ghost of Alphonso you may,
 “ Who is come to take vengeance upon you this day,
 “ And brand you with infamy vile.”

Then his helmet, he, slowly unloosing, display'd
 A visage most dreadful to view,
 For, the worms around his temples undisturb'd play'd :
 All slunk back with affright, e'en the dogs were afraid,
 The lights on the altar burnt blue.

From his eyes, not tears, but drops of blood, quickly fell,
 As he gaz'd on the fair Madalene,
 When he look'd on the baron, he gave a loud yell,
 For the third time, then, alas ! all heard the dead bell,
 The proud Leon declar'd he was sick and unwell,
 And begg'd leave to retire from the scene.

His wish being denied, he frantically said,
 Whilst his eyes with fury were fir'd,
 “ Ah ! where is Alphonso ? say ? what murder'd ! what dead !
 “ Oh ! may hell's blackest curses alight on mine head,
 “ For 'twas by this hand he expir'd.”

Now he faints in their arms, as they bear him away,
 Now hideously groaning he dies,

All is confusion, fear, affright, and dismay,
And no one in the church but fair Madalene stay
With the spectre, who thus to her kindly did say,
As the tears distream'd fast from her eyes :

“ You see heav'n is just, he chastiseth the bad,
“ And the good he rewards with his love,
“ Come dry up your tears, nor more look grieved or sad,
“ But for your happy fate now rejoice and be glad,
“ And prepare to ascend high above.

“ Your pray'rs heaven has heard, though I do not survive,
“ And 'scape the vile infidels darts,
“ Though all-conquering death me of life did deprive,
“ For your filial duty God grants, though you live,
“ In death we may join hands and hearts.”

Now the sound of sweet music the vaulted roof rends,
On each other they look with delight,
The cieling, unclosing to view, widely distends,
He enclasping her round in his arms swift ascends,
While her father beheld the blest sight.

Yes, he heard the sweet sounds, saw the cieling unclose,
For he'd just from the baron return'd;
He hail'd the fond pair as in view they arose;
Their happy ascension he sought to oppose,
But they soon were no longer discern'd.

'Fore the altar that instant in love down he kneel'd,
And to heav'n thus gratefully said,
“ O avenger of guilt ! of fair virtue the shield,
“ To thee for kind guidance oft in faith I've appeal'd,
“ That kind guidance which now in true love thou didst yield,
“ For which, be all gratitude paid.

“ In remembrance thereof, two grand monuments tall,
“ Near this spot I will gratefully raise,
“ O'er his on whom thy sure and just judgement did fall

“ Shall slow burn the dim lamp, and a black velvet pall
 “ His black deed shall announce, and to mem’ry recall
 “ What justice Omniscience displays.

“ But o’er that, whose memento (the glorious doom
 “ Of fair virtue and love) shall record,
 “ Flowers gay we will daily bestrew, whose rich bloom
 “ Shall with exquisite sweetness their mem’ries perfume,
 “ And a sweet to their sweetness afford.

“ There the nuns of Saint Austin at even shall meet,
 “ In their fair maiden pudency donn’d,
 “ Their entrance shall charity’s pensioners greet,
 “ Seented waters besprinkling, and under their feet
 “ Sweet flowerets casting, when, to make all complete,
 “ This vast dome in thy praise shall resound.

“ As they pass Leon’s tomb, with a look of disgust,
 “ Each shall turn and thus loudly exclaim,
 “ O holy Being supreme ! thy judgements how just !
 “ In wisdom timely aim’d on this blood-bestain’d dust,
 “ On the murd’rous soul of that apostate accurst,
 “ Proud Leon the murderer by name.

“ But, ah ! daughter thrice blest ! and Alphonso dear sprite,
 “ When arriv’d where thy name bears record,
 “ They soft anthems of praise shall chant forth with delight,
 “ To thee ! all hail Madalene and thy faithful knight !
 “ Of filial duty, Virtue’s pattern so bright !
 “ Maidens ! lo ! here inserib’d the reward !

“ Where for me not far hence hid in solitude stands
 “ A mansion, so sacred to thee,
 “ Will Clement, favour’d of heav’n, in truths solemn bands,
 “ With bland Piety join’d, hourly lift up his hands,
 “ In praise of thy kindness towards me.”

That instant, the music, which the while he thus pray’d,
 In silence * * * * *

Again

Again sweetly in notes of soft-harmony play'd,
 The cieling wide open'd, brighter glories display'd,
 His daughter with Alphonso in glory array'd,

And * * * * *

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[*Multa desunt.*]

Of them no more was heard, but to credit what time

In the shape of this legend has form'd,

Four times every year by just order sublime,

Leon howls out in pain as for his bloody crime,

On his soul the dire torment's perform'd.

When hoarse sounds the dead bello'er his blood-bestain'd tomb,

Hollow groans and deep shriekings are heard,

Then the torment he suffers of his wretched doom,

The lamp burns a blue flame, and a sulphurous fume

Thick pervades the drear air and increaseth the gloom,

Which alone at his presence is clear'd.

Aloud then cracks hell's thunders, the vivid fires flash,

When he, follow'd by dæmons, appears,

He in anguish howls out as they lay on the lash,

Of his guilty reward, black blood flows from each gash,

Nor ceases till the base re-opens with a crash,

And closeth as he through disappears.

Then aërial music at high distance soft sounds,

Whose cadences close like the wind,

Which anon in sweet loudness of sound high abounds,

Then lost in immensity where silent it drowns,

Awhile it's unheard, then in loudness tenfold resounds

With softness and sweetness combin'd.

Now in gentlest murmurs it strikes slow on the ear,
 Now, awhile lost, its absence they mourn :
 Again it comes : they bend with delight as they hear
 Words in soft tones express'd, this the import they bear,
 Which by echo down sweetly is borne.

"All hail, sister saint ! Alphonso, all hail ! Of thee
 "And thy consort we chant forth in praise :
 "Mortals ! hear and admire ! Virtue's rich reward see !
 "With glory we crown her, the immortaliz'd she,
 "The daughter obedient, and that worthy he,
 "Thus with honour his name we emblaze.

"But he, who in thy breast thrust his envious glave,
 "Adown in darkness headlong lies driv'n,
 "There he howls in despair e'er in torment to rave,
 "As fiends dancing around him loud yell this sad stave,
 "Grin, grim brother dæmons, for here in power we have
 "For ever to hold Leon the assassin so brave,
 "Howl ! a murderer ne'er was forgiv'n ! "

OPHELIA.

A F R A G M E N T.

"Choak at a Gnat and swallow a Camel."

PROV.

—"It was reported," whispered Father Paulo, "that your
 "brother was murdered by robbers in the black forest of ——."
 "He was!" interrupted Montano, with a deep sigh, "he
 "was!" when, in the tone of remorseful passion, he added :
 "And in me behold his murderer ! nay, start not thus, old
 "man !

"man! Yes, I was the robber who stole his life away to gain
 "his possessions! Oh! oh!" Hideously he groaned, as, lifting
 up a blooded instrument from between his bed-clothes, he ex-
 claimed, "Here is the heart that thirsted for a brother's blood,
 "and this is the dagger that drank it!" a deeper groan than
 all closed the dreadful period. Awful and long was the si-
 lence that ensued, which, at length, the dying, guilt-stung,
 Montano broke, by eagerly inquiring, as he grasped his con-
 fessor's hand, "I feel the icy arm of death embraceth me.
 "Is there no forgiveness in heaven for a fratricide?" The re-
 verend confessor answered not, but still gazed with horror up-
 on the ensanguined dagger, and a second solemn silence en-
 sued more dreadful than the former, interrupted only by broken
 sighs, until again Montano remembered:—"I have built a
 "monastery." "Peace, peace, to thy soul," at length prayed
 the holy father Paulo. "I have richly endowed it," continued
 Montano. "Heaven forgive thee!" again ejaculated the
 monk: and here a longer silence than ever ensued, which, a
 third time, the Lord Montano broke, by happily observing:—
 "And, in gratitude for the many kind offices you have admi-
 "nistered towards me, I have remembered thee in my will."
 O the wondrous transition! the fire of joy flashed in the monk's
 eyes; instantly he arose, and in mystic accents cried aloud,
 "Thou art forgiven!" Montano grinned hideously, and groan-
 ed. The holy sacrament quickly was administered; and, as
 he took the hallowed wafer between his lips, he died; and, in
 all, pomp of princely honour was buried in the magnificent
 mausoleum of his noble ancestors: and, when affected sorrow
 rang his doleful knell, "Alas!" said the love-lorn Ophelia,
 "for whom doth that bell toll? Not for thee my pretty babe!
 "not for thee! thou art not baptized according to the Christian
 "ritual, therefore canst not have Christian burial! But what of
 "that? Did the bell toll for thee, you could not hear it, nor is
 "thy fleeting soul the less happy for that! as for thy body, O
 "how cold it feels to my throbbing bosom! Yes, what though
 "I would lay it in this sweet earth, not in a grave of sanctified
 "ground,

"ground, but in one of my own making, one that these precious hands have scratched out for thee, one that heaven has enabled me to make. Ah! did not God himself make it, who does all things, and never does wrong, and is it not perfect, is it not consecrate, without man breathes over it?" Saying thus, with her fair taper fingers, Ophelia continued to complete the grave, she the whole night had been scratching; yet, notwithstanding the pain it caused her, she never murmured; but, as she plunged her lacerated hands into the stubborn mould, thus, with a smile exclaimed: — "True, it tears these hands, my dear departed Alonzo took such delight in laving white with his pure tears; yet, though it spoils their beauty, it makes them seem the more perfect, for the empty hand is now filled with duteous employ; though I feel this momentary pain, I shall hereafter enjoy an eternity of delight, in having done so much of my duty. And although, sweet babe, I could not afford to pay a priest his due to make thee a Christian, I can offer up a thousand prayers to heaven, for God to make thee an angel." Those last words caught the ears of Father Paulo, who was just returning from the visitation of the deceased Lord Montano. "Heretic!" cried he, as he darted from behind a large cypress-tree, where awhile he had stood concealed, "What say'st thou, heretic?" Ophelia answered not, but, overcome with surprise and grief, fainted, and sunk senseless upon the damp ground. The kind, reverend, father, sensible of his duty towards a fellow-creature in distress, instantaneously stooped to lift her up: melted with compassion at her extreme sorrows, he, without delay, doft his well-clothed body of his cassock, and wisely formed it into a pillow, to lay her aching head thereon; with a part of it he also gently, as it was kindly, wiped the cold drops that trembling hung upon her heaving temples, and with sighing lips sweetly attempted to breath animation in her silent bosom once more; then took hold of her hand, and, what? Warmed it in his bosom? No, monster, no, could he do even the least part of what I mentioned, when, oh! he only took up her hand in imperious passion, to shake,

to shake her fainting body into life, that once more he might kill her with his frowns. He whispered? no: he roared. What? a word of comfort? Oh! no: "Wake, hussey, wake!" said he. "What do you here? impostor as thou art!" "To die!" in a faint voice answered Ophelia, gasping to his sight. "I beseech you leave me," continued she, looking at his canonicals, "I have no need of you now." "And would you die unanhealed of your sins?" cried he furiously, "with all your crimes?" "Cease," interruptingly replied the innocent mother, "I know of no crime done to you or anybody, unless" rejoined she, "it is a sin to weep and mourn for those we love! then I have sinned, and am punished for it, for I die the sacrifice of that grief you would call a sin. Oh! my very heart is broken, the fire of life, that once warmed it, is extinguished by my tears, the many tears I have shed for dear departed worth and love; but I am even happy in my griefs, and can smile under my afflictions, for my sorrows are the sorrows of a woman, but my hope is the hope inspired of a God, whom I fear not, because he is good and kind as he is just, why then should I tremble and despair for what man can do? Yes, lovely baby," still half-smilingly she continued to say, as its death-cold lips met her's, "where this infant's soul is sped, thither will mine soon be; Oh! prythee leave me." A look of disgust and surprise was deeply imprinted on the countenance of the monk, when, steadfastly gazing on the child, he exclaimed, "Ah! horrible sight, and is this dead infant your's?" "Yes, alas!" in humble tone answered she, "yes, this is the blighted fruit of my love! O unhappy love!" "Wherefore unhappy?" "Against my parent's consent, I fell in love with his neighbour's son." "Against consent! that was wrong: and did you marry him?" "No, alas! becoming pregnant of this child, I was compelled secretly to leave my father's house." "O lecherous woman! much then you deserved to suffer." "Why? we loved each other, and dearly too!" "But why did you not marry?" "We had no money!" "Wretch! then, you would rob the
"church

"church of its due." "Nor did we want the world to know
 "we were connected." "O sly heretic! no, no, and why was
 "not this child christened?" "I tell thee we could not afford
 "it." "O monstrous!" with affected disgust, still the Father
 Paulo exclaimed, "And where is thy wicked lover?" "In
 "heaven, I am sure," replied Ophelia; "for his virtues were
 "so great. O then pity me, at least! do not frown so imperi-
 "ously, gaze not so indignant upon my sufferings, here am I
 "a helpless widow left." "To pity you, horrible thought!
 "never. Oh! I would not sin against my soul so far, or so
 "degrade my holy calling as to pity whom? a heretic! No,
 "robber of the church! sacrilegious woman! no, you deserve
 "to suffer!" so said the mercenary prelate; and thus, to his
 priestly frowns, meekly the sighing Ophelia answered, "You
 "call yourself the chosen, the inspired of God: true: God may
 "have told you what is right and good, but you do not prac-
 "tise it; you say he is incomprehensive, then how dare you
 "pretend to be a dictator of his inexpressible will? how dare
 "man say his sister deserves to suffer?" "You do deserve to
 "suffer," reiterated the confounded monk, "you do! confess
 "therefore and pray! or I will punish thee." "I will do what
 "you bid me: I will both confess and pray," replied Ophelia.
 "Not to you, but to Heaven, I confess: I think thou art de-
 "serving of his wrath; but, with lip and desire unfeigned, I
 "pray him to forgive you." O how inexpressive the rage, the
 fire-like fury, which darted from the wicked monk's eyes, when
 in reply he declared, "Wretch, the rack shall disjoint thee
 "limb from limb, until it draw out a confession of your crime."
 "What crime?" was asked. He pointed to the dead child:
 it was all his malice could do, and saying, "Oh! I must send
 "for the Inquisitor-General; racks and tortures shall make
 "you confess your guilt: O Jesu! woman, you have mur-
 "dered that child, you make but a poor story of it." Away
 he went, nor saw both mother and child were starved with cold
 and hunger; but, when he returned with the officers of inquisi-
 tion, Ophelia's soul was gone, where no tortures could reach
 her,

lier, where she could hunger no more, but to praise that God who relieved her from mortal misery and the frowns of inhumanity.

Blush, Inhumanity ! O blush !

What will now thy rude threats avail ?

Death, more kind, bids her troubles hush,

Racks, tortures, will no more prevail.

Oh ! Ophelia, thou art gone, ah where ?

Nor pain, nor human threats, can follow there !

Cease, man ! inhuman man, O cease !

The remedy of life t'impart,

Apply the remedy of peace,

If not too late, to your own heart.

As for Ophely, she wants not your care,

She's gone where only happiness is there !

Cease, man ! inhuman man, O cease !

The name of heretic she cannot hear,

Nor frowns, nor threats, can more displease,

Nor claim the heart-fetch'd sigh, or force the tear.

Where Ophelia's gone, why seek to know ?

Her last smile says, there you can never go.

Yes, view, inhuman man, O view !

Hope's smile still dimpling her pale cheek,

That hope, which ne'er can gladden you,

That hope, whose path in vain you seek.

Sweetest soul ! where thou art gone they cannot come nigh,

For they lov'd not virtue, or why thus let it die ?

O grave ! to thee, far less insensate grave !

Ophely's babe and fair corse be giv'n,

Ministering angels ! her soul ye have,

Oh ! lift it on smiles of love to heav'n.

Those racks and tortures my fancy doth now view,

With all the tears and groans, man, I 'queath to you.

No stately tomb will I presume to raise,
 Ophelia's blessed memory to preserve,
 In heaven's archives is inscrib'd thy praise,
 There only virtue shareth what it doth deserve.
 Thy griefs are all recorded in the human breast,
 Yes, man shall sigh, when thou art, sainted soul ! at rest.

II Y M N

TO BE SUNG BY

CHARITY-CHILDREN.

KIND Father of our infant days !
 Protector of our youth !
 Give ear unto these feeble lays,
 The humble chant of truth.

Rude are the paths that here we tread,
 In each is laid a snare,
 Awake, abroad, asleep, abed,
 We fail without thy care.

Vouchsafe to smile upon us now,
 Come with power divine,
 On all around love's smiles bestow,
 Pity with love entwine.

Humanity ! (the Briton's name !)
 In pity to us lend,
 Let Charity assert her claim,
 To be the poor man's friend.

As she shall give, increase her stores,
 With joy her cup o'erflow !
 Bid peace reign happy in her doors ;
 Without, keep off the foe.

When

When sickness rageth unto death,

Preserve her from its pain,

Let joy exclaim with her last breath,

“ Thanks ! I’ve not liv’d in vain !

“ The poor man’s uncorrupted praise,

“ In life, was all I sought,

“ With kindness in my latter days,

“ The orphan’s pray’r I bought.

“ The widow’s tear-bedewed smile,

“ A debtor’s sweet release,

“ Fair innocence preserv’d from guile,

“ And trouble set at peace.

“ And us poor children hither sped,

“ Reliev’d by her, shall sing,

“ All hail ! upon her blessed head !

“ All praise to thee our King !

“ To thee all praise ! not our’s alone,

“ But that of earth and sea,

“ In heav’n the Sacred Three in One !

“ The blessed Trinity.”

COLIN AND ANNETTE.

CAN you remember a farmer’s daughter,

Who too fondly lov’d a shepherd so true ?

He long to wed in vain had besought her,

Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

For, oh ! her father bade her to refrain,

And swore he would slay her, if he e’er knew

The shepherd so poor, to make love again,
 Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

But, ah ! far better than riches or life
 Her shepherd she lov'd, though poor she knew,
 And she'd oft promis'd to be his blest wife,
 Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew,
 Then, when of his hands she kneeling caught hold,
 Whilst the tears her roseate cheeks bedew,
 Her wish to go, deeply sighing, she told,
 Ah ! alas ! to the mead, where cowslips grew.

" Go not ! " was his curs'd parental command,
 But what duty exceeds that which was due,
 To him, whom she lov'd, and promis'd her hand,
 Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew,
 Her father was rich, and Colin was poor,
 But, oh ! Annette, what were riches to you ?
 All, all, they might keep, you asked no more,
 Than to visit the mead, where cowslips grew.

" Rich as the lily his fair virtues scent,
 " Lovely he looks as the rose-blushing hue,
 " How sweet that breath in my praise he oft spent,
 " Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.
 " There in secret I'll go, at set of the sun,
 " And my faithful vows to Colin renew,"
 Sadly she cried, for, oh ! sad what was done,
 Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

For scarce had her feet gain'd the destin'd spot,
 When, oh ! what dire horrors glow'd to her view,
 Her Colin welter'd in blood reeking hot,
 Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.
 " This thy father hath done," faintly he cried,
 " But, oh ! I forgive him for love of you ! "
 Then, where love began, there bleeding it died,
 Ah ! alas ! on the mead, where cowslips grew.

" For

“ For me, oh ! stay, fleeting soul so divine ! ”

Cry’d she, as the knife from his heart she drew :

“ Here ended your love, and here shall end mine,

“ Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.”

Then the weapon she plung’d deep in her breast,

Without a sigh her dear life quickly flew,

On the bosom of love sunk she to rest,

Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

Thus loving to die, as loving she liv’d,

She joy’d and thought it no harm death to woo,

For Colin in heav’n she gain’d, though depriv’d

To meet him on the mead, where cowslips grew.

But, ah ! that a father, for wicked pride,

His hands in his own child’s blood should imbrue !

Yes, Colin he slew, for him Annette dy’d,

Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

O ! how did he groan ! how trembling he stood !

When all his vain hopes to blast and undo,

His daughter he saw all welt’ring in blood,

Ah ! adown on the mead, where cowslips grew.

No more with the bloom of peaceful content,

Life’s rugged path she duteous will strew,

Ah ! you forbad her, (for e’er to repent,)

To revisit the mead, where cowslips grew.

Mind, mind, parents all, ne’er more cross true love,

For, oh ! most dire are the ills that ensue,

Perchance the effect so dreadful may prove,

As it was on the mead, where cowslips grew.

Oft love spares the life, (a tyrant in pow’r,)

And will have its course whatever you do,

Love too takes life away, think of the hour,

When blood reek’d on the mead, where cowslips grew.

Sure you’ll remember the farmer’s daughter,

Who too fondly lov’d a shepherd so true,

How

How fatal 'twas, that to wed he sought her,
 Ah ! adown on that mead, where cowslips grew.
 No kiss she gain'd from his lips ; but, instead,
 From his bleeding heart a fell knife she drew ;
 No wedding-sheets grac'd they, but a death-bed,
 Ah ! each found on the mead, where cowslips grew.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
 OF A PAIR,

FOND AS THEY WERE UNFORTUNATE,

WHO

FELL THE SACRIFICE OF THEIR MUTUAL
 LOVE.

Thee, Messiah ! to imitate, was their joy, their pride ;
 Like thee, they liv'd for love ; like thee, for love they died.

LUBIN AND FANNETTE ;

OR THE

LAVENDER-GIRL.

At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar ;
 Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
 Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
 Oscula cantati tu mihi rapta dabas, — SAPPHO to PHAON.

Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you centred all your joy :
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For, oh ! how vast a memory has love !
 My music then you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear. — POPE.

ALL ye blithe maidens fair, who frolic and play,
 And dance, sing, and smile, with the young and the gay,
 As I pass by your doors, some kind pity shew,
 For, although in this garb, I once dress'd like you. And,

And, ye young men, who in beauty delight,
And prize much the dimple or lustrous eye,
Much weeping, alas ! has dimm'd my dear sight,
Or, but for my griefs, once lovely was I.
Then with emulous smiles and a bow you'd advance,
All anxious and proud with fair Fannette to dance.
O then mock me not now, as your doors I pass by,
But pity me, since thus I am forced to cry
Sweet lavender, sweet lavender,
Two bunches a penny, sweet lavender,
Sweet lavender, two bunches a penny, come buy.

Now you, who disappointed in love sadly sigh,
One pennyworth of lavender surely will buy,
For my bosom once with love's fond hopes did glow,
Whence sighs after sighs of despondence now flow.
Ah ! when mem'ry awakes, the picture to view,
By despair pourtray'd in the mind, how I sigh !
Oh ! to think that Lubin should prove so untrue,
For whose sake, my love did so many deny !
Then as one morn we sat, love's fond vows to renew,
He swore my breath surpass'd the perfume Zephyr blew,
From the gardens of lavender, growing so nigh,
Of that self-same herb I sell, when you hear me cry
Sweet lavender, &c.

For, oh ! a hurricane blew the next night,
The rain drench'd our flocks, our corn took the blight,
Yet what's worse than the lightning firing the hay,
I was to wed Lubin the very next day !
Alas ! at morn to condole, no Lubin came,

But our landlord tapp'd at the door for his rent,
Threats for pity he gave, for condolence, blame,
When to tell Lubin I anxiously went.

But, oh ! when pointed I to the lavender-tree,
Nigh to which pensive he stood, said I with a sigh,

“ Now

“ Now all’s gone but that, will you then forsake me ? ”

He did : for, walking off, he said “ You may cry

“ Sweet lavender, &c.”

Ah me, so sad ! what poor Fannette might do
Lubin’s covetous heart too truly knew ;
For, our landlord to jail my dear father hied,
Where soon of a broken heart, sighing, he died.
For me, doft of my friends, and blam’d by those foes,

My much-envy’d graces ’gainst me had made,
In the cold blast of want, which pitiless blows,

I might die, or, in disgrace, beg my bread.
But heav’n more kind, whom thus praying, I said, —
“ And from door to door must I then beg my bread ? ”

On the plain of misery would not let me die,
But taught, as once said faithless Lubin, to cry

Sweet lavender, &c.

Thus in honest toil, bless’d with joyous content,
But not without grief, many days have I spent,
For, ah ! when past scenes to fancy appear,
A parent’s misfortune claims a poor tear.

Then to think Lubin so faithless should prove !

But, as ’tis the nature of man, I’ll forgive,
For, though he should hate me, him will I love,
And, that he would not pity, only will grieve.

For when such deep despair seiz’d my poor father’s soul,

Oh ! had he but wiped one tear from his eye,
Should I then so soon have heard his doleful knell toll ?

No, he would have still liv’d, had you not bid me cry

Sweet lavender, &c.

So, content with my lot, I only griev’d,
That a lover’s vows I ever believ’d.
My father’s in heav’n, and the lavender-plant,
If by Providence bless’d, shall keep me from want.

But,

But, one day, through the gloom of sullen despair,

O'erclouding my grief-canker'd roses of youth,

A young man of mien and look debonnaire

Found somewhat t'attract th'attention forsooth!

"Sweet girl, thy sweet herb I'll buy," so artful said he,

"But tell me how much shall I give to purchase thee?"

"Nay, keep thy gold, and Fannette her honour," said I,

The former may come, when I thus honestly cry

Sweet lavender, &c.

Brown bread and water are my daily fare,

Yet, as its sweets unalloy'd are by care,

So humbly contented to heaven I pray,

To indulge me with white bread on sabbath-day.

A linsey-woolsey garb, my prudent thrift,

This can replace, which time hath worn to a shred,

And for a lodging, in peace I make shift,

With heav'n my canopy, the cold ground my bed.

But, oh! I am young and at indulgence can smile,

Fairly earning my bread by industrious toil,

But when comes trembling old age, pity me, or I

In want surely must starve; for, oh! then I can't cry

Sweet lavender, &c.

To the music of joy as once sweetly I sung,

A kind grateful smile on each lip wantonly hung;

Now, to the dull tune of "Sweet lavender buy,"

Scorn slow moves his finger, Hate scowleth her eye,

Ah me! I much fear no help will bide me,

For when prayest thou "My sweet lavender buy!"

Oh! Fannette none pities, but all deride thee,

And with sneers significant rudely rush by.

O! what kindness can I expect strangers to prove,

When he, who not only kiss'd, but call'd me his love,

In pity will not e'en a poor pennyworth buy,

But steals hasty away whene'er he hears me cry

Sweet lavender, &c.

H

But,

But, thank heav'n, surely you may wish me joy,
 When I say, that hope, once false, so long coy,
 With cheering ray, once more promising fair,
 Triumphant beams through the gloom of despair,
 For who knows but Lubin, seeing virtue still glows,

And by sorrow's gloom beauty is merely o'ercast,
 May relent; for, the blossom of pity yet blows.

Oh! he sighed, as by me this morning he past!
 Then, if in ruth a penny's too much to be spent,
 Oh! put up one pray'r that Lubin's heart may relent,
 For my bosom no more then will heave with a sigh,
 But the triumph of virtue I'll sing, nor more cry

Sweet lavender, sweet lavender,

Two bunches a penny, sweet lavender,

Sweet lavender, two bunches a penny, come buy.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Non si può haver la Rosa senza le Spine. — Ital. Prov. Veneroni.

MAN's reas'ning judgement so imperfect is,
 To ask, he knows not how, for what he scants;
 And, when he asks, he fears to ask amiss,
 For too, too oft, he knows not what he wants.

When calamity's keen blast raging blows,
 He takes not patience as his best shield:
 Or is he poor; no law dire hunger knows,
 His hands to plunder and deceive must yield.

Is he with riches vain profusely blest;
 The poor man's sighs, unheard, remain forgot.

Is he honour'd or lavishly caress'd ;
That himself's a man he remembers not.
Or doth his body in soft pleasures roll,
Feels it not pain's corrosive iron rod ?
O sad words ! he forgets he hath a soul !
O dread thought ! he forgets there is a God !
But time will prove how mean thou art, vain fool !
Soon will he turn thee to thy native sod,
Then too shalt thou know, e'en thou hast a soul,
But that unworthy of its angry God !

ALFRED AND AGNES.

A WINTER TALE.

Almighty Father !
In winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown ! tempest o'er tempest roll,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast. — THOMSON.

Now, no longer did the grand source of light and heat animate by its congenial influence the distorted face of nature, which, deeply covered with snow, pictured, to the far-fetched fancy of the beholder, the man of ingratitude, whose heart is fast locked in the chains of insensibility, and whose countenance, when by conscience taxed, puts on the pallid hue of fear and remorse ; for, on the frost-bound bosom of the earth, no verdant abundance now flourished with exuberance of foliage, or rich state

of lovely efflorescence, to bless the honest toil of the industrious husbandman, but, humbled "with the northern blast," she trembled to the very base, and groaned at every extremity, when, in the hollow wind, methought these the words of an angry but a just God she was compelled to hear: "O earth, thee I made
 "productive, and, when in my summer sun-beams your fruits
 "ripened into richness and abundance, the timely zephyrs of my
 "indulgence wafted the blessings they yielded with equal plentifulness into the lap of the lowly Indian, as in the granaries
 "of the highly-favoured European; but no grateful acknowledgment greets my kindness, thy wicked and degenerate sons
 "misuse the good I have endowed them with, and, instead of
 "thanksgiving of a grateful heart, scenting sweeter than the
 "gales of Araby, to my throne naught ascends but loud murmurs of discontent, harsher than the clashing of swords, to
 "trifle in mine offended ear.

"O ye wicked and rebellious sons of earth, not content with
 "what heaven hath sent you, to obtain more, whilst your war-
 "ring hands reek with the blood of innocence and virtue, the
 "meek poor, oppressed with the load your extortions impose on
 "them, groan in despair as you proudly trample on their more
 "hallowed necks. Yea, you take the victuals out of the in-
 "fant's mouths, and thousands of your fellow-creatures in penury
 "are starving. And shall I feed ye any longer with the blessings of my bounteous love and pity? No; rather will I be re-
 "venged! Ingrates, tremble! let peace be banished your doors,
 "let happiness vanish in the whirlpools of my just indignation!
 "let abundance cease to pour forth her honey streams, and let
 "the efforts of production prove abortive. Fly plenty, ere I
 "blast thee for ever; fly and hide thee in the bowels of the
 "earth; where enchained in the icy manacles of my wrath,
 "awhile be happy in security to sleep. Now, ye elements!
 "ministers of my justice, to my sacred vengeance haste!"

At the supposed ireful denunciation of an offended God, the visible face of nature changed, yet blushed not in the crimson
 grace of shame and repentance, nor kept it the lively green of
 unabashed

unabashed and undaunted impudence, but it became covered with white, the emblem of fear and despondent remorse. Yes, man often fears the anger of his God, but he seldom will be grateful for his kindness; and, while now the earth is covered with snow, and hardened by the power of frost, he trembles; but, when summer smileth once more, rioting in plenteousness and comfort, he will ignorantly say, "Who affordeth me this good?" so insensible he is, he knoweth not God; or so foolishly vain and arrogantly proud, he will not; because, being so rich and happy, he madly and presumptuously scorns to own one greater than himself.

Then, whilst the cold hurricanous wind howls forth tremendously the threats of danger and dismay, let man tremble; for, ah! no longer doth the all-cheering sun alleviate by its friendly rays the intenseness of December's cold, or dispel by its potent heat the rising mists, now mingling and thickening to the aching sight; but, having completed its grand diurnal course behind the snow-becovered mountains, to the cheerless eye of desponding virtue, it untimely slunk unto obscurity. Such was the awful extremity of the season: its absence, even for a moment, was most lamentably to be regretted; now, therefore, like a false friend in the hour of greatest need, deaf to all entreaty, unsusceptible of sympathy, pitiless, in view slowly it sunk into the indulgent lap of night, leaving all to darkness, misery, and thee, hapless daughter of disappointment, poor lovelorn Agnes! — Ah! well may you, as you anxiously look towards the insensate mountains, wipe from your desponding eyes the fast-gushing tear, heaving a heart-fetched sigh as you return them from the dreary scene to gaze on the dear infant, pillowed and sleeping on your throbbing bosom; for, in its little roseate features, you may trace the fair semblance of thine absent love, the youthful Alfred, thine husband, fond partner of thy late forsaken joys. Eager for the desperate chase, early in the morning he left you to earn his daily subsistence; but, as he, tenderly pressing thee in his affectionate arms, sighed forth the heartfelt farewell, he also sweetly promised shortly to return;

turn; yet, alas! with pain the day its solitary course hath lingered on, and now with treble sorrow you may behold the drear shades of night descending in the west, —but no husband, no Alfred, returned. Long and in vain have your tearful eyes wandered across the howling waste, to welcome his gladsome approach, his blest return. Alas! his sun-like cheering presence emanates not from the thick clouds of snow, by numerous whirlwinds raised, darkening the chilly atmosphere, nor does his laughing face appear, beaming forth heart-animating smiles, to disperse the mist-resembling fears and gloomy apprehensions, the thought of his long absence and unusual stay forms o'er the mind: neither doth she hear his cheerful voice echo o'er the reverberate hills the love-song of their connubial joys, or whistle the tune of the hardy peasant's triumph o'er his toil; but, incessant to her timid ear, the hollow-sounding northern gale, chasing through the shivering hawthorn and the leafless brier, whistles the dread warning of dangers yet to come, and horrors now to be endured. Yes, the cold, hail, and sleet, in angry portents, battered with redoubled terrific violence against the shattered casement, where, still enwrapt in the most anxious expectation, sate the forlorn Agnes. All was dark and drear without; within, the fire, brightly blazing on the lowly hearth, glowed even dully to her sight; for, her true-love, for whom its cheerful flame was fed and burned so kindly, was not there to enjoy it. How awful was that hour, when all around was involved in wintry darkness. Now the sighs of the unhappy Agnes, now the howling of the fate-winged blast, were heard alternately; the cottage-door harshly creaked on its hinges; the little taper's flame she carefully had near the window placed, that its trembling ray might better serve to guide the feet of him she loved safely over the trackless plain, (O wondrous power of fancy!) seemed to shed a pale blueish light around. Through the time-eaten flaw, the piercing wind, making way, searched the poor Agnes to the very soul; for, "Ah!" lisped she, in tremulous accents, "our poor Alfred is in the midst of all this "wintry storm; yes," continued she, as trembling with in-
creased

creased fearful apprehensions and benumbing cold, she pressed her baby closer to her aching bosom, at the same time forsaking the hopeless window to draw near the more cheerful fire, "yes, pretty babe, thy poor father feels it too, or I could endure its miseries with patience!" O sad to relate, the infant suddenly awoke as if alarmed: at what? The mournful sound of its mother's voice? No! At what, then? Alas! in the agony of mind, she shook it. In her wringing arms it awoke, and intuitively looking about for him, of whom it lisped in the infantine tone of filial disappointment, "What father no here?" It sighed, and turned again to the parent-throbbing breast. O Agnes, Agnes, how painful must the emotions of thine heart have been at that dismal period! Instantly a fresh flood of tears gushed adown her sorrow-bleached cheeks, when a sudden gust of wind, that shook the whole cottage to its very base, tempted her once more to the window. Still impenetrable darkness was all she could discern; the dismal noise of the roaring wind, the undulating sound of the dripping, sleety, rain, were all she could hear beyond the mournful suspiration of the breathed sorrows of her heart;—but that was enough to awaken her stifled fears, and tenfold renew her griefs. And now horrid fancies glide across her mind! wrapt in melancholic ideas, the imagination is become so weak, timorous, and sensitive, the unhappy Agnes thinks she hears her beloved knock at the door, (wonder not it was what she wished to hear!) and instantaneously proceeds to open it: when, oh! most sad to tell! the sound of a dismal groan caught her fear-wounded ear, and she stopped, entranced with horror. Agnes, who could it be? Was it not the hollow-toned wind that alarmed thee? Oh no! for, another and another deeper groan close succeeded. It was enough: to the door she flies: through the flurry and agitation of mind that then possessed her, long was it before her trembling fingers could find the latch. At length it is uplifted. Scarce was the portal opened, than, heedless of danger, eagerly flouncing through the snow, she hastens to the supposed place the dreadful sound proceeded from: but, ah! alas! not far had
her

her tottering limbs conveyed her, and the dear infant still clinging to her horror-panting bosom, when she found herself half-ingulphed in a heap of high-drifted snow. Though shocking her situation, so forcibly was she prompted by humanity, she hesitated not, but, in order to extricate herself the sooner and more easily from the chill element that so deeply encircled her, she carefully placed her baby on its cold, condensed, surface. The pretty innocent naturally clung the faster to its parent, as she struggled to disengage her arms from its weaker grasp. At length, however, the fair design being accomplished, onward she moved once more, to find a way out of the deceitful snow-depth. Difficult was the task, but not attempted in vain; for, having gained a gently-rising ground, and finding herself delivered thereby, she cast a tender look towards the spot where her child lay; her grief-swollen eyes, through the tears that darkened their wounded sight, could just discern its little arms extended for help. Instantaneous she moved to render it; when, oh! another and more dismal groan met her appalled ear. Like venom it ran through her blood, its whole mass was changed, and with it her resolution; for, in the frenzy of her agony and fear, forgetting her baby, immediately she set forward to the scene of woe. Loudly she shrieked, as at a distance she beheld a wolf, who howled terrific at her approach, and, frightened at her uncommon shrill and shrieking outcry, fled: but, when arrived at the unhappy spot, where once stood the ravin beast, (Oh! who can paint her poignant distress? Who can describe her emotions, or express her feelings at the dreadful sight before her?) alas! she saw her Alfred, her own dear husband, stiffened with the cold, torpid, unattended, and outstretched, bleaching in the northern blast upon the ensanguined ground. The power and pathos of description here fail, and the delineator trembles at his fancy.

Arise, Agnes, arise! cling not so inseparably to a dying man. Arise, and snatch, ere it be too late, thy little infant from its miserable fate: arise, I say. Nay, live awhile, my sweet; live a little longer, for thy mother hastens to seek thee.

Cry,

Cry, lovely babe, if thy already wasted voice will permit; cry out aloud for relief; then shall thy mother, although darkness hides thee from her sight, know where thou art. Out, alas! thou art for ever dumb. Death has tied thy tongue in its icy fetters; yes, thou art locked in the arms of endless sleep. Good night, sweet baby. How do I pity thee! thou hast a cold death-bed, a cold grave too, yet pure and fair is thy winding-sheet, for what is whiter than unsunned, drifted, snow?—And thou, Agnes, because you cannot find thy baby, in the frenzy of your grief and despair, transpiercing the cold air with your lamentations, must you so sadly beat thy fair bosom, and tear off thine auburn hair? Well, well, you will: but, in the excess of grief and poignancy of anguish, do not curse thy God. No, you will not! but it is good, very good to pray as thou dost: “O all-powerful heaven, uphold me in this momentous time of trouble and despair: restore me my child!” And what Agnes is it thou stumblest at? Stoop down and feel. It was her baby, all immersed in the flaky snow, which the driving wind had drifted over his bosom. Cold, cold, alas! it was, even frozen to death. O Agnes! wretched woman! pity her here, O pity her here, indeed you justly may, if I tell thee, that, in the furor of her despair, she — Hush! alas! I will not; for, considering her mournful situation, she is to be forgiven.

Miserable woman! have you strength left to lift up your lifeless babe? Just enough only: and then, O then, you would carry it — Where? To its father’s bosom to be sure. Arduous is the undertaking to thy fainting soul; but heaven permits — What? That you should with thy baby once more enclasp thine Alfred’s panting bosom. O gaze not so wildly upon his bleeding wounds, cowering close to his lacerated breast: press not his stiffened limbs with such frantic ardency, nor kiss so eagerly thine infant’s lips; rather kiss his, that yet moves, once more. Ah! what? Now, Agnes, how art thou fired with hope? once more thine Alfred’s lips move. Ah! do they? Yes, to tell thee something: this is all: “Trust not in a friend;

I

“ may

“ may heaven be thine ! ” Alas ! Alfred, thine advice is to no purpose ; thy blessing is all in all ; Agnes has sealed with her trembling lips thy frozen eyelids unto eternal sleep, and has caught thy last-breathed sigh, richly freighted with the love you bore towards her, who, nobly resigned to her fate, once more dispassionately smiles upon thy gaping wounds, once more kisses her infant’s death-chilled lips, once more presses it to her heaving bosom, as she also enclasps thy mangled corpse within her shivering arms, once more she heaves a sigh, her life-blood curdled at her heart, once more to heaven uplifts her tear-distreaming eyes ; then, oh ! then, for ever closes them in the solemn sleep of death.

Be not distressed at their untimely end ; true, they have tasted a miserable, a horrible death, but the pangs they endured will give a double zest to the future pleasure their virtues entitle them to. True, also, instead of tears of pity, cold beats the sleet-winged rain upon their unsheltered bodies ; instead of sighs of deep regret, breathed around them, awful murmurs the snow-driving storm o’er the discous surface of the barren heath ; and, instead of parting kisses of pity, grief, and affection, the howling blast alone that kisses the mountain’s snow-capt top, meets their cold, silent, lips ; yet, how much to be envied is the happiness they share ; for, their spirits, kindly borne, ambient, on the breath of kindred seraphs, chantingly exhaled in praise of their virtues, upsoar on the fair ethereal way to heaven’s eternal love and happiness, where the utmost harmony of delight gladdens the vast empyreal expanse. — True, no weeping eyes sorrowed at sight of their sufferings, as in the cold air of pitiless misfortune they exhaled their latest breath ; but, remember, Alfred was virtuous as he was unfortunate, his consort was faithful as she was fair, and their infant knew no sin ; therefore, whilst the glutless wolf (having returned to the scene and feast of death) entombs in his carnivorous bowels their macerate bodies, as he howls in horrid triumph over them, amidst the joys of ministering angels and kindred saints above : their hallowed spirits find a gracious entrance into the eternity

eternity of all-pleasurable love. — But, ah ! false, ignoble, man, ingrate inhuman ! why do you play the friend in prosperity and act the foe in adversity. O Falsetto ! thou, whom Alfred took with him as an assistant and companion in the dangerous chase ; pretended friend of that unfortunate young man, yet of thine own hypocrisy the dupe ! when you saw that the ruthless wolf flew at the neck of the unsuspecting and unguarded youth, why did you not present the javelin of death, and hurl it to his rescue ? O vile conduct ! deserting him in the moment of peril, you fled ; but, for ever repent. In the flight over the trackless wild, deceived and waylaid by the snow, you lost your footing, and fell into a covered pit, so deep, never alive in form corporeal to arise again. Yes, you fell, the deserved punishment of thy dastard, cowardly, hypocrisy ; for, such was the friendship you professed, since it would not animate you to save a fellow-creature's life when it was in your power. O Falsetto ! fie on't, oh fie, and shame on all whose friendship is no more sincere. Alas ! Alfred and Agnes ! how can I forbear to regret the sorrows ye have endured ; my heart cannot resist a sigh to the memory of the pangs ye have suffered ; and thou their pretty babe, for thy untimely fate, art much to be pitied ; but, above all this, is most to be lamented ; that, such is the friendship of man, such is the instability of mundane felicity, such is the fragility of sublunary dependence, and such the vanity of human fruition : rely then only on the arm of Providence !

Ah ! alas ! what a doleful scene is here !

A hapless lovely pair, their infant dear,

Dead and outstretch'd on the cold ground !

A hungry wolf close by them growling stands,

Whom instinct dire and horrible commands

To howl in triumph all around,

As, pleas'd, he laps each bleeding wound.

Yet, have I witness'd a sadder scene,

Where the man's own bad conscience hath been

The glutless wolf that gnaw'd his heart,
 A wolf more cruel far than that which flew
 At his fair breast, whose heart no evil knew :
 Oh ! how he writh'd beneath the smart ;
 What pains its mental fangs impart !

Cold, dank, and hard, is their icy pillow,
 As, stiffening in the wintry billow,
 Sleep in th' arms of death th' ill-fated pair :
 Ah ! what a dread, miserable, death-bed !
 Curtains of snow o'erhang each low-laid head,
 A shroud of snow : — what shroud more fair ?
 A wolf performs the nurse's care !

Yet a far worse death-bed, alas ! I've known,
 Though mortal lay upon a bed of down,
 And trembled at what must not be told :
 More grateful then thy pillow hard of ice,
 Thy bed, though chill, than his, oh ! far more choice ;
 Ye trembled only with the cold,
 Though howling storms above thee roll'd.

But, now, you taste the sweets of heavenly love,
 With sighs no more thy pitying heart doth move,
 Thine Alfred's lip-like wounds to kiss :
 And would I have them move again ?
 Yes, since they would not move in vain ;
 If to declare to us but this,
 Oh ! how sweet, celestial bliss !

Sainted spirits ! in heav'n enthron'd on high,
 Aid me to bear thy loss without a sigh,
 Lead me in the goodly paths ye trod !
 Mourn not their fates, but learn from this ye can
 How false the friendship and esteem of man !
 Placing no hopes on this frail baseless sod,
 Rely then only on the arm of God.

H Y M N

TO THE

C R E A T O R.

Paulo majora canamus. — VIRG.

JUST God Almighty ! how many a grievous sin,
Basely committed, since in the world I have been,

On thy eternal memory is graven !

But, oh ! let Pity o'er them cast a timely blot,

Al! me ! to lave all out, tell me, O is there not

Pitying tears enough in thy sweet heaven?

True, such vast pity to receive,

Is too much for one, mean as me,

Yet, what's too much, great God, for thee?

Who art sole Lord of all to give !

My mind make pure and fair as th'upright lily bland,

As its white silken leaves to thy sun-beams expand,

To wisdom bid the heart its pow'rs display ;

Let no vain prejudice o'erfilm its fairer bloom,

Nor let anguish, grief, or care, like the cankerworm,

Upon its sweet, opening, virtues prey.

True, &c.

As shieldeth the strong knotted oak the lowly flow'r

From the rude storm, to me extend thy nobler pow'r,

Enshadow thy providence o'er my head ;

Then, let care and trouble like the north blast loud roar,

Then, let death-like danger its thund'rous horrors pour,

To offend THEE shall be my only dread.

True, &c.

Dress'd

Dress'd in morn's dew-drops, how lovely the rose appears !
 So, when misfortune sighs, let Pity's pearly tears
 Adorn my roseate health-embloomed face !
 As, to the bee's sweet tongue, it opes its honey breast,
 So may I incline to the voice of the distress'd,
 And yield Charity's blest sweets to his solace.
True, &c.

Clad me in the graces of thy Holy Spirit !
 Let the honest blush of lovely modest merit
 Suffuse my unblurr'd, grateful, smiling, cheek ;
 The rose and lilies bloom with wondrous rich array :
 Donn'd thus, — then are they more, or am I less than they ?
 Speak, faithless heart ! O thou within me, speak.
True, &c.

Genial, pure, and chaste, as the white unsunn'd snow,
 When drifted beneath the tall mountain's beetling brow,
 Create mine heart's fond heaven-born desire ;
 As the mild beams burnishing, thy skies so sheen !
 Warm, without burning, most bright, yet so serene !
 Kindle up love, that kindred, sacred, fire.
True, &c.

Firm as thy throne, in truth's sacred cause be my word !
 Truth I speak to God, and by God am kindly heard ;
 Men ! shall I then tremble to tell it ye ?
 My king, my relatives, and friends, I love to serve,
 What love dost thou then, the Almighty God, deserve !
 O ! what praise shall I render unto thee ?
 Not that you can want it ; for, fleet as lightning flies,
 Myriads of angels thy pow'r can raise,
 To make all space reverberate thy praise,
 'Tis we are most honour'd, that God our wants supplies !

H Y M N

H Y M N

TO

C H A S T I T Y.

COME, Chastity! with thy genial breath
Cool this embosom'd, fierce, consuming, fire;
E'en cold as the sleet hurtling down the heath,
And pure as unsunn'd snow make mine heart's desire!

Terse as the air, thy breathed accents flow,
Sweet their dictates as dew-drops of the morn,
In thy paths, Hope's softest flowerets grow,
There, we may pluck the rose without a thorn!

TO

A C A N T H A.

————— Adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. — MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

No wonder heav'n, all-jealous, will deny
My tender pray'r, wafted on true love's sigh,
When, O my fair! I pray to possess you:
You, he knows, I adore as well as love,
And adoration to him above,
Not to earth, but to heav'n, alone is due.

O how lovely ! ah me ! how sweet you are !
Mere man am I : — at sight of one so fair
Even angels might love, yes, and envy such :
Wonder not that man or angels should love thee !
O spotless fair ! God himself might guilty be,
Worthy of him too, of loving overmuch !

TO BE INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF ———.

CEASE to disturb these sacred ashes, cease !
Fool ! this urn contains what gold can't buy, — Peace.

LOVE IS NO MORE.

O WHY gasps my bosom ? what griefs now begin ?
Why so hush'd, so cold, is its tenant within ?
By the sighs that it heaves, alas ! dare I tell ?
Yes, of departed love, a sigh is the knell :
Ah ! well may your glowing delights then give o'er,
For your joy and your life, love, love, is no more.

My hopes, joys, and my life, concentred in one,
I canthe, the fair, O now false, fled, and gone,
By these sighs, my sad fate, alas ! you may tell :
Yes, of departed love, a sigh is the knell,
When woman is deaf to the smiles we implore,
'Tis time we should say, Alas ! love is no more.

S A P P H O.

S A P P H O.

Quoque magis tegitur, tectus magis æstuat ignis. — OVID METAM.

INSIDIOUS love, despoiler of my rest,
 Tyrant most absolute of the human breast !
 Fain would I banish thee thy embosom'd throne,
 Thy dread power renounce, and thy worth disown ;
 But, though thy silken gyves are turn'd to chains,
 And pleasures, lightsome, become heavy pains,
 Still o'er my heart maintain thy noble sway,
 Ah ! love, I will not banish thee away ;
 Still, still, thy sway, thy pow'r, tyrannic hold,
 For, oh ! thy chains, ah me ! are chains of gold !

When sets the sun, drear darkness spreads her veil,
 Cold dew-damps ride on th' Hesperian gale ;
 Thus, when bright love the bosom shall depart,
 No warm incentive animates the heart ;
 But all is drear, hopeless, and full of doubt,
 The chill of death and chaos reign throughout.
 Yes, love-lur'd Sappho, in th' oblivious flood so deep,
 Thinking to quench love's fires, from the high rock you leap,
 From Leucate's cold embrace no more to rise,
 For, there, love quiet sleeps : but, oh ! Sappho dies !

Then banish not the pow'r of love away !
 More productive beams its genial ray
 Than the fair orb, round which we yearly roll,
 That warms the body, when love fires the soul !
 Yes, e'en beneath the darksome, frigid, zone,
 Where no sun scarce, nor light, nor heat, is known,

K

Love's

Love's potent beams through the rough bosom shoot,
 Make it productive, enrich too its fruit :
 Then, though thou art my sorrow, love, ah ! still grow here !
 It may flourish better, when water'd by a tear.

HOW RICH LOVE'S CONTENT !

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

KIND Lubin's addresses my father forbade.

But wherefore ? he loves me I'm sure :

Say then, O father, why may we not wed ?

Alas ! because Lubin is poor.

Why he can dance, he can joke, he can sing,

O what can a maiden want more ?

Then his dear looks are as hale as the spring,

But Lubin, alas ! he is poor.

He overtook me one morn donn'd so neat :

He gave me a kiss, nothing more !

Never had I tasted aught, oh ! so sweet !

Thought I, how can Lubin be poor !

When as so lightly he lay on my breast,

The bliss I ask'd, tasted before :

But, oh dear ! guess as you will all the rest ;

For me, I'm sure, Lubin's not poor.

Such food as he earns, pleas'd, I share a bit ;

Starve, I cannot, you may be sure,

Since so big I'm grown, my clothes scarce will fit,

A proof Lubin cannot be poor !

T O
U N N A.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek ! — SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO.

To dry the tear that on my cheek the while
Hung glist'ning in the mild beams of a smile,
Unna ! no ray of hope did you impart ;
Yet, when you view'd the dew-drop, fair and bright,
On the moss-rose sparkling with dear delight,
You sipp'd it off, and plac'd it near your heart.

Oh that I was the rose, pinn'd at your breast !
If by love's ardency too closely press'd,
Should I perchance there deeply place a thorn :
The pain it gives you nobly would endure,
When kindly you reflect ; yes, I am sure,
With how many, ah ! mine, alas ! is torn !

Or was I a little amorous bee,
Sweet delight would I sip from none but thee,
And lightly on thy embloom'd cheek repose,
The dear liberty you would pardon me,
Could it by Love kindly whispered be,
“ I mistook its blushing charms for the rose.”

A little bird was I ; what heavenly bliss !
From off thy honey'd ruby lips I'd kiss,
And with the purest nectar wet my whistle ;
Delighted at the thought, so fair, so merry,
Smiling, you'd say, “ He thinks each lip a cherry :
“ Come, thou flatterer, in my bosom nestle !”

Or, was I thy favourite riding-horse,
 The first time I might bear you o'er love's course,
 How fleetly would I run away with thee :
 My snowy-arched neck quite pleas'd you'd stroke,
 If love but thus your gentle fears bespoke. —
 And would none else, fair maid, act so but me ?

Or was I a little fish, I'd bite,
 With an ardent lover's fond delight,
 Soon as thy luring beauty's bait I view ;
 Perhaps with greater appetite than ever
 Eat me you would, or bid me live for ever,
 Knew you the many baits I laid for you.

Was I the pillow whereon you nightly lay
 Your lonely head, though throughout the live-long day
 Not e'en one thought my merits claim'd from thee ;
 As unto you it truly strange may seem,
 Yet know, 'twould give me pleasure when you dream,
 To think you thus must always dream on me.

Oh ! was I the blest taper by which you
 Read o'er my favour'd rival's billet-doux,
 If my light through jealousy dull shone,
 Sure you would smile could I but say, “ A light
 “ Like mine expect how can you to look bright,
 “ When standing so very nigh a sun ?”

Or your clear looking-glass could I but be,
 With pleasure you then would look at me,
 Finding beauty and pleasure reflected there,
 For, when you came with smiling kind desire,
 And, “ Pray, how do I look to-day ?” inquire ;
 I would e'er reply, “ As fairest flowers, fair.”

But, in the shape of man, my words you scorn,
 Though I've by all that's dear and sacred sworn,

Yes,

Yes, and can thus right fairly prove it even,
'You are so pleasing and surpassing fair,
A very angel I am sure you are,
For you alone can lead me to love's heaven.

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND FOR
THE EAST INDIES.

HAIL, sacred friendship, hail! thou grandest source
Of joy on earth! foretaste of heav'nly bliss!
Bright kindred flame, that lights us on our course
To that world above, and warms the heart in this!
Indeed, the true value of a friend is best known,
By thus asking heav'n, "What is life without one?"
Those stell'd fires above, ^{what} with such delight we view,
Without Sol's reflected rays, what in appearance would they
be?
And life's bliss, if merely felt, how would its beauties shew,
Could we not in a friend's fair smile its reflected lustre see?
Yes, where doth the boast or worth of life even lie,
If that a man liv'd for none, or for none could die?
Then, why did fate and gentle heav'n decree,
That I should taste its pow'r to make me long the more?
Why did he send Clitus across the sea,
When, in his dear friendship, we enjoy'd heav'n on shore?
That dear friendship, whose potent worth is better known,
In the want I feel of it, now, alas! he's gone!

But

But a taste of friendship gave God to man below,
 With th'idea of bliss above his breast t'inspire;
 But, had he made its joys complete on earth, we know,
 They are so sweet! not heav'n itself should we desire.
 Yes, my Clitus, did such friendship as your's even
 Always smile on earth, O! who would sigh for heaven?

 But now thou'rt gone, friendship dwells no more with me,
 But say where thou art, there may I not also go?
 Hark! who speaks in the roaring of the Indian sea?
 'Tis the great God himself: he wisely answers "No!"
 Yes, that absence' pangs we may feel, to make us love,
 And much long to meet, where no more we part, — Above!

 But let not the tears of absence quench the flame;
 Relume it with brighter rays than it e'er beam'd before;
 Rekindle in my breast friendship: O sacred name!
 Let it stronger burn, that I may thirst for heaven the more:
 For, the more we thirst for friendship's joys, the more for heav'n,
 The more for heav'n, the more we strive to deserve it ev'n.

R E M O R S E.

LADY MACBETH. — Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes
 of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand! Oh! oh! oh!

DOCTOR. — Foul whisperings are abroad: — Unnatural deeds
 Do breed unnatural troubles: — Infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
 More needs she the divine than the physician. —
 God forgive us all! — SHAKESPEARE.

I FEEL a secret horror here,
 Whose pow'r hence ne'er departs,
 No sprite it sees, nor phantom near,
 Yet it for ever starts!

This

This wond'rous awe, this inward fear,
 No pity can remove;
 For, oh! my friends, how could ye hear
 The cause words dare not prove.

Ah! what this grief! this fire, ah! where?
 That rancles through my breast?
 No flame I see, nor fire is there,
 Yet, it consumes my rest.
 This burning woe, consuming dread,
 The rains of heav'n can't drench:
 Ah me! nor all the tears I shed
 Its painful pow'r can quench!

Alas! I die, though yet am young,
 The chills of death thrill me,
 Warm is my breast, my limbs feel strong,
 O God! how can this be?
 Hark! my heart, it whispering saith,
 Nor doth it speak in vain,
 "Guilt-stung cowards die and taste death
 "Before they feel its pain."

Physicians, to know the cause
 Of this my wond'rous pain,
 And learn what grief it is that gnaws
 My breast, ye probe in vain.
 Feel not my pulse, ye cannot heal,
 No knowledge 'twill impart,
 Those only know my case, who feel
 The impulse of the heart.

THE MALADY OF LOVE.

Sed cur, heu ! Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lachryma per genas ?
 Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

But why ? ah ! tell me, ah ! too dear !
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear ?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, and turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ! — POPE.

WHY, when the hour of rest is nigh,
 Am I so loth to go to bed ?
 Yet when morn comes, I also sigh,
 As truly loth to raise my head.
 Why in my dreams talk I of love !
 And start, and moan, and deeply sigh ?
 Yet, am e'er angry with the dove,
 That wakes me with its cooing cry.

Why too do I groan as if in pain,
 Sadly panting for breath the while ?
 Yet when physicians come in vain,
 They feel my pulse and only smile !
 When this I ask my fellow-swains,
 They also laugh and walk away,
 Oh ! whence the cause of these strange pains ?
 Ah ! lovely Laura ! can you say ?

Artless I hear you say, methinks,
 “ For whose sake do you choose
 “ Icanthe's rose and Emma's pinks
 “ So coldly to refuse ? ”

The

The pink's a flower excell'd by none,
 The moss-rose is most lovely too,
 I want their virtues all in one,
 They blossom, Laura! all in you.

RELIGION.

TRUE religion, like an electric fire, glows,
 It warms and animates the human breast,
 Its light innate, the way, dark and dangerous, shews,
 Through this troublous world to heavenly rest.

If then but a spark of that mild celestial fire
 Gently glows within mine heart's fleshy frame,
 Let the breath of inspiration o'er it suspire,
 And fan it to an everlasting flame.

A flame so fair and so serenely bright,
 It may so 'catch and please th'observer's eye,
 That others in its virtue may delight,
 And light their own weak darkling hearts thereby.

My mind therewith enlightened in death's solemn hour,
 Happy in hereafter hopes I may expire,
 Nor fear annihilation: for, what mortal pow'r
 Ever can extinguish a heaven-born fire?

To reign o'er my mind, dear Religion, then, welcome, thou!
 Though harsh thy laws, because not rightly understood;
 True, thou dost bid us with patience our sufferings now
 Endure awhile, but 'tis for our e'erlasting good.

For that soldier, who can best endure ('tis said)
 All toil and danger that to war belonging is,

L

He

He alone deserveth glory's bright paths to tread,
And taste its kindred happiness or hallow'd bliss.

So merits that man best the joys they taste above,
And should only share that upper world's celestial bliss,
Who on his course doth with zeal and patience move,
And his path probationary rightly treads in this.

To reign o'er my mind, dear Religion, then welcome, thou !
Though harsh thy laws, because not rightly understood ;
True, thou bidd'st us with patience our sufferings now
Endure awhile, but it's for our eternal good.

Religion ! thou dost hold a sword o'er the head,
But, whilst 'tis to humble our thoughts, it's to protect us,
Thy massive chains about our mental necks are laid,
Not to enslave our minds, but when we err to correct us.

THE WARFARE OF LOVE.

LEARN, Clitus, learn, O thou my generous friend,
Though glory may each goodly course attend,
Ah ! how different the ways we pursue
T'obtain that bliss, the means how diff'rent too !
You on th'iron pennons of carnage move,
I raise my hopes on the soft sighs of love.
So be it, friend ; since our views are glorious,
And may each be crown'd alike victorious.

T'extirpate our foes, be your noble strife,
Be my fond task to make a friend for life ;
Be yours the pride and boast of arms and war,
Be mine a choicer and a greater far,

To scale the walls where confin'd lovers be,
 To bind the hands, yet set the heart quite free,
 To storm a door where beauty doth invite,
 And, to her rescue, urges to the fight ;
 Whilst at the window cries Love, " To arms, to arms !"
 To free from hands unfair her devoted charms,
 Or stand sent'nel near to guard her the whole night,
 And, though drear it may be, therein take delight ;
 Be this my boast, be this my gallant toil,
 To combat dangers ambush'd in a smile,
 Which to the mind e'erlasting misery may impart,
 And, oh ! worst of tyranny, fast enchain the heart.
 And, if upon my labours love should frown,
 I will not meanly act to gain renown ;
 Low artifice and stratagem of war
 To use I scorn : cunning from me be far !

There, then, where floats th'ensigns of defiance,
 I'll march against, and demand alliance ;
 Which if deny'd me, as be perhaps it shalt,
 Then will I vigorously commence th'assault,
 My troops, (my sighs and vows,) I'll so dispose 'em,
 They shall pierce the heart, yet not wound the bosom,
 And will their force so gallantly direct,
 That what they war against they shall protect.
 Openly I'll play my wit's artillery,
 And scorn to attack from a mask'd battery.

But, if the fortress of beauteous woman's love
 Holds out too long, or shall impenetrable prove,
 Like a coward foe, I will not about her lurk,
 To force the sanctity protecting her *breast-work* ;
 If of her love by fair steps I cannot gain th'*heights*,
 I will not basely undermine her chaste delights,
 Perhaps admittance to her heart's joys grant she may,
 If not, I ne'er will enter by a *covert-way* ;

Since her virtue and sanctity unimpair'd
 The works of honour and delicacy guard,
 However loud the voice of pleasure calls,
 I ne'er will make a *breach* within such walls;
 But, if I cannot gain admittance at the gate,
 Without I'll only mourn my lot, and weeping wait;
 For e'en though Prudence (her sentinel) should sleep,
 And each sense of honour lay in slumber deep,
 Advantage I'd not take, but myself would keep
 A watch so strict o'er her soft entranced charms,
 She no cause would have to weep a foe's alarms,
 Nor mourn sad mischance, whilst guarded in my arms.

And if a sortie she should boldly make to meet
 Me, vow to vow, and worsted is; a safe retreat
 Shall her fond toilette prove from attacks like mine,
 As the strongest fortress on the banks of Rhine,
 Or martyr's tomb, or sainted Christian's shrine.

Such is the part I act; like thine 'tis fair,
 But in nature how different we are.

And we different weapons use; thou the sword:
 I fight my battles with a sigh-charg'd word;
 True, some other weapons about me may be found,
 But, ah! they're not keen enough e'en to make a wound,
 Which if they did, oh! such force of pity do I feel,
 Like surgeon's instruments, they'd only cut to heal;
 And you, on the Champ de Mars, play your part,
 I fight my battles in the human heart;
 Yes, thou'rt a soldier in the camp of Mars,
 I'm one engag'd in Venus' sacred wars,
 Whose smiles alone can heal a lover's scars.
 Enlisted I in brave Cupid's numerous corps,
 That triumph will, when death's legions are no more.
 Yes, the love I bear to her for whom I sigh
 Can never alter, oh! never, never, die,
 Let what will oppose, from her will never fly.

For

For active services though yet I'm young,
 The post of captain doth to me belong ;
 Such troops command I, if command I can at all,
 Before whom kings and heroes have been proud to fall ;
 Of hearts, not hands, the conquest I pursue,
 All I wish is, Laura ! to conquer you ;
 O what a booty shall my triumph grace,
 Fairer than the sun sees in all his race !
 But, if I fall ? as to rise 'twill be as well,
 Since by thy delights, thy smiles, o'ercome, I fell.
 Indeed, a captive I've long been, 'tis true,
 For I was ever *bound* in love to you ;
 But, for the unfair nature of my strife,
 Oh make me your close prisoner for life,
 Or, as a punishment for my rare crimes,
 Kill me with joy, ten thousand, thousand, times.
 Don't let me die ne'er to arise again,
 'Twould be too kind so soon to end my pain ;
 And mercy would, believe me, be in vain !
 Oh ! shew me none, when caught within *your* toils,
 But ev'ry day revive me with your smiles ;
 That o'er again, each fast succeeding night,
 Kill me you may with love's keen, fond, delight,
 For such dear cruelty, not one sad sigh
 My heart shall yield, nor fear thus oft to die ;
 Such deaths must be most glorious at best,
 Since my death-bed will be my Laura's breast.
 The giants (saith the fable) warr'd 'gainst heav'n,
 'Gainst such a host be my proud battle giv'n ;
 To conquer woman's love I boldly strive,
 And thus, 'gainst heaven, the word of battle give.
 For such art thou, my Laura, both in part and whole,
 If, then, true-love deserves reward, O take my soul !

ON THE
 D E A T H
 OF A
 Y O U N G L A D Y.

ALAS! then, Anne! thou art gone! gone for ever from this world of living woe! but shall I not write an ode to thy sainted memory? shall I not compose an elegy upon thy dear departed virtues, or a monody of grief for thy loss? Among the numerous epitaphalia, is there not one suiting thee? or are they destitute of thought equal to the bliss thou hast gained by thine apotheosis? They are: nevertheless you should have something said. Respect hath raised this plain marble tomb to the memory of thy name; is there not good nature enough left in this rude world to write an epitaph, to perpetuate the fame which renders it so illustrious in the annals of the virtuous and the good? Of all the many tears shed at your death, is there not one left to impearl thy too rough-hewn marble? shall the fair bloom of thy beauteous memory be blasted unto oblivion, for want of a tear to water its noble root? Yea, I have one, which I will let fall o'er thy sweet memento: a tear, yes, a tributary tear, to the memory of departed worth and beauty.

Just long enough, alas! liv'd she to know,
 There was no hope for virtue here below!
 Disgusted she fell sick: there, now gone is she,
 Where virtue alone can live and happy be.

And,

And, oh ! reader, if heaving a sigh at the sight of this humble effort, conscious of her worth whose absence I so sincerely do lament, you should exclaim, “ One tear is not enough “ to enrich the memory of one so good, or display the grief “ sufficient for the dissolution of one so virtuous and so fair ! ” shed thou then another ; and, if another is not enough, observe the dew-drops which hang from the mournful cypress-boughs, and shed thou as many tears ; and, if as many neither will suffice, come every midnight, when December’s snow whitens in the bleaching beams of the moon, and, with thy prostrate, panting, sigh-heaving, bosom, warm the cold clay beneath, covering the pillow whereon lays the head of poor Anne. Or, when the north-east wind howls dismally through the leafless grove, rustling and clattering hideous against the sable curtains of night, do thou sing a solemn dirge of peace to her manes, chant forth a requiem of love to her fleeted soul ; do that, for remember I do.

Oh ! so fair she was, ye need but look, to love,
To know her virtues was only to approve.

Away ! to your hive, nor thus buz about this tomb !

Cease, am’rous bee, thy labour to give o’er,
The sweetest flower that e’er fed thine honey-comb,
Your chief delight, your joy, blooms now no more !

Ah ! away, nor flutter about this green grass sod,
No flow’r grows here thy vacant breast to store,
Here, no lily its nectareous head will nod,
For the sweetest lily blooms now no more !

Implanted in the soft indulgent lap of ease,
Blooming in hope it rear’d its lovely head,
Its delight to bless, its chief pleasure was to please,
And, on all, love’s odorous smiles to shed.

Many a swain sigh’d to wear thee on his bosom,
Many a noble swain sigh’d, and sigh’d, alas ! in vain,
Many

Many a nymph envied thy fairer blossom,
 For many a flow'r, neglected, wither'd on the plait.

O how envied was that chaste ambrosial breath !
 Whose sweets not only bless'd the sons of earth,
 But on Fame's fleet wings wafted to th'abode of Death,
 He, yes Death, e'en became enamour'd of its worth.

Yes, from his cemetery, lone, drear, dark, and still,
 Or sepulchre magnificent, or lowly grave,
 Or nauseous charnel-house ; for, Death vainly will
 As many dwellings as the sons of life oft have.

From them, where in corruption clad he dwelt,
 Grinning at putrescence and the fleshless bone,
 The pow'r predominant of thy worth he felt,
 Compared it, and lov'd it better than his own.

Perhaps, thought he, thy predominant perfume
 Would outscint his own, and the scheme tried,
 Yes, with his corruptive hand he touch'd thy bloom,
 He was mista'en : — the blossom droop'd, then died.

Oh ! thou monster ! disappointed as you may be,
 Know, thou hast destroy'd the loveliest bud of May !
 Yet, because Anne is dead, why seek revenge on me,
 Ah ! yes, I feel thy dart, I sigh, I fade away !

Ah ! loving bee ! still do you flutter round her tomb ?
 Yes, still you hover there, still her sad fate deplore :
 To your hive begone ! away to your honey-comb !
 Or the cold blast will make thee what she is, — no more !

“ Nay,” methinks in the language of a lover,
 “ Let me die,” with tongue unfeign'd you seem to say,
 “ Now Anne is dead, pleas'd round her tomb I'll hover,
 “ For, oh ! what avails it should I go away !

“ No sweets my hive affords, no joy my honey-comb ;
 “ To please me now, bloom no flowers or sweet or fair ;
 “ Since

“ Since Anne she died, and was interred in this tomb,
 “ Be it my hive, the sweets of peace are only there.”

Indeed, most loving bee ! you told a truth sublime !
 No flow’r but her was rich enough to store thy hive ;
 And say, kind heav’n, oh ! say, can it be thought a crime,
 When hope is fled, no longer here to wish to live ?

My fluttering heart is the analogous fond bee,
 Hiv’d in a bosom, forsaken, sad, and poor :
 But, have I a sting ? if so, its dart is turn’d on me :
 Or whence this pain, ah ! is it because Anne’s no more ?

With mournful fancies wing’d, oft hath my heart
 Hover’d around thy tall love-hallow’d tomb :
 So like a bee, but without its keen dart ;
 And was not Anne just like the lily’s bloom ?

Come, come, O Death ! strike quick my dissicated heart !
 Now bleaching in grief’s cold blasts, O give, give me ease :
 Nay, thou art the *bee*, not so much for thy keen dart,
 As for the honey you can give me ; — I mean Peace !

A N N A ;

OR,

D A N S V O T R E L I T.

IN vain through city Anna cries,

“ Come buy my pretty posies,

“ My smiling violets who buys !

“ My jonquils and moss-roses !”

M

6

O keep them all, so lovely and so sweet you are,
The smiling violets sweet, th'embloom'd lily fair,

All bloom in thee :

Give me then but this ; for, there's no flower that blows
So chastely sweet and fair, as that moss-rose which grows

Dans votre lit.

“ Why,” then methinks smilingly she asks,

“ Why buy not my sweet posies ?”

Blest the bee who in thy smiles embasks,

True, and sweet thy moss-roses.

But are no sooner pluck'd, than they begin to fade !

This then is all I ask of thee, fair gentle maid,

O permit me,

Bee-like, but stingless, to come where you repose,

And sip the floweret's nectar as it grows

Dans votre lit.

O waste no more thy dulcet voice,

To cry about sweet posies,

Refrain, and make a nobler choice,

And pluck no more moss-roses.

For, where can better look their buds but on the stem ?

Yet, if the unrelenting hand must gather them,

O permit me !

Saving thee the trouble, softly whilst you repose,

To deflow'r the lovely rose-tree which sweetly grows

Dans votre lit.

O let none pluck that sweeter flow'r

Than any in thy posies ;

For, when pluck'd, loseth it all pow'r,

And fades like other roses.

But let me come, and love and live, with thee, my fair,

And such shall be my generous, fond, productive care,

There soon shall be

T'increase

T'increase the beauty that on thee so lovely blows,
 Rose-buds appearing from the noble stock that grows
 Dans votre lit.

No more, my Anna, shalt thou cry
 " Here come, who'll buy my posies?"
 Never more shalt thou sing " Come buy,
 " My jonquils and moss-roses."
 The blest parterre I mean is thy kindred bosom,
 Thou art the rose-tree on whom blooms that fair blossom;
 O give it me!
 Thy virtue is the captivating blooming rose,
 That blesseth with such sweet fond delight all that grows
 Dans votre lit.

MELICOMALA.*

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

THE light of the song once more arises o'er my soul: like the light of the moon it arises, when darkness is on all around; for, dismal is the strain of my harp, and thick is the gloom of sorrow which dwells on my eyelids. Attend, ye grey-eyed daughters of the evening shores! to its mournful melody attend! come near to the sighings of my bosom, for Melicomala is no more.

Now that sun-beam of beauty is hid within the darkness of the narrow house, ye are acceptable in my eyes. What must I compare you to, daughters of living light! that are so plea-

* Melicomala, in the Erse tongue, signifies " soft-rolling eye."

sing to the eye of Cuthona,* now Melicomala, his beloved, is no more?

O ye grey-eyed daughters of the mighty land! ye are as stars, whose lustre, when the sun is set, shines forth with visible glory; for, ye are lovely to the sight of Cuthona, now Melicomala, his beloved, is no more.

Death was the lover of Melicomala, that ray of ten thousand stars! the only sigh of my bosom was beloved of Death: for Arden,† the chief of many shields, loved the white-armed Melicomala, but her smiles were reserved for another; therefore Arden wept and died: yet still he loved: he who sighed for Melicomala when living, though dead, still loved her. Oft in her father's hall I heard his shrieks, yet saw no one;—the dogs howled and drew back, yet we saw none;—it must have been the spirit of Arden:—he sat at the window of Melicomala;—on a ray of light he sat;—when he beheld her smile on another, he shrieked, and the air echoed the wondrous noise around. — Melicomala wept. — The spirit of Arden arose; — I saw it riding on the wings of the storm; — like a meteor he appeared; — he came to take her away to his narrow house; — I saw the flame of his spirit descend on her bosom; — the air was black; — a noise was heard more hideous than the sound of the dark curling waves that kiss Lochlin's shores; — he kissed her lips; — corruption staid thereon; — she died. — O envious Arden! — the grave was the bridal bed of Melicomala. — How dismal is the sound of my harp! for I am left alone; — how long must I be so? — will ye not come around me, ye grey-eyed daughters of life? — No! — Away, ye delight me not, because ye smile; — I want a tear, — for my departed Melicomala, that bright sun-beam of love, that shines no more.

* Cuthona means the mournful sound waves.

† Arden means pride.

Away! ye stars: how could ye expect to please, when ye had no sun to reflect its lustre upon you? Cuthona loved ye, because Melicomala smiled on ye: away! for she is now no more.

SILLY BILL.

A N I M I T A T I O N,

WHY, gay youth, in that soft feature
 Are such marks of mirth so plain?
 Can a hapless silly creature
 Make thee smile with such disdain?
 Do my vacant looks affect thee?
 Did they ever do thee ill?
 Knew you my griefs, you'd respect me,
 Nor thus mock poor silly Bill.

Should'st thou sigh to hear my sorrow,
 Mark me, and avoid my woe,
 When true love your heart would borrow,
 Think it frail, — I found it so.
 On the pledge of love relying,
 Mine I lent, she has it still;
 Yes, the maid for whom I'm sighing
 Kept the heart of silly Bill.

Fondly the young elf persisted
 It could love but her alone,
 On her smiles its hopes existed:
 She was sick, and I undone!
 From that time, has content never
 Harmoniz'd my erring will,

Laura

Laura died ; with her for ever
Died the peace of silly Bill.

Senses crack'd and broken hearted,
Silly I may seem to you,
Since to me true love's departed,
All seem vain and foolish too. —
When her fair form was interred
In the grave all dark and still,
There, alas ! I saw was bury'd
The lost peace of silly Bill !

Now to him who often parts love,
As the madding thoughts increase,
On that smile which won my heart's love,
The last sigh which stole my peace,
Oft I sing in dismal ditties,
Oft I think, and ever will,
Though young men laugh, though none pities,
But each calls me silly Bill !

THE
D E A T H
OF
S I L L Y B I L L.

W_HY, fond youths, around me crying ?
Why those tears ? unto me tell :
Why, sweet maidens, are ye sighing ?
Will ye never wish me well ?

Lord

Loud ye laugh'd, and mock'd me ev'n,
 When my tears on earth did spill ;
 Now I smile at sight of heav'n,
 Ye' all mourn for silly Bill.

Yes, my friends, I'm surely dying !
 Oh ! my heart ! my side ! my head !
 Though I'm on the cold ground lying,
 Soft 'tis, for it's my death-bed !
 Through death th'hope of peace regaining,
 From those eyes no tears distil,
 Would ye have me still remaining
 Where peace ne'er cheers silly Bill ?

Long have I on earth been wand'ring
 My long-lost peace to regain,
 In my bosom deeply pond'ring
 Where it's joys I might obtain.
 Happy I till Laura died !
 Since at heart I've e'er been ill ;
 My peace to her was allied ;
 The grave's best for silly Bill.

Methinks I hear ye well asking,
 Gazing on me all the while,
 How can he die, whilst embasking,
 Health sits blushing through a smile !
 In his eyes health's lustre sparkling,
 He looks neither sick nor ill :
 No : for, grief here reigning darkling
 Preys on th'heart of silly Bill.

By no dagger's point I'm dying,
 Nor sink I beneath the wave,
 Worse than daggers' cuts this sighing,
 My tears too, a wat'ry grave.
 Hard sighs on my mem'ry blowing
 In woe sink me deeper still,

Till with tears my breast o'erflowing
Drowns the heart of silly Bill.

Bright the flame of life once beamed,
Sighs have fanned out its light,
Kind th'embosom'd fire once seemed,
Tears have almost quench'd it quite.
Deeply is my bosom wounded,
Yet no blood the dart did spill :
Well, friends, may ye look confounded ;
Strange the case of silly Bill.

Phvsicians ! my pulse why feel ye ?
No knowledge will it impart,
Those alone know what will heal me
Who feel th'impulse of the heart.
It's slow throbbing, yes, believe me,
Saith I'm past all mortal skill,
He who only can relieve me
Is the God of silly Bill.

And he surely will relieve me ;
For, see ! Laura is come here !
And, if fancy don't deceive me,
Sits on her white cheek a tear.
Sure if men and angels pity,
Pity, God ! he surely will,
He in goodness matchless will be,
Nor ashame'd of silly Bill !

Hope already is returned,
Yes, for Laura standeth there :
She eas'ly may be discerned,
By her angel-face, most fair !
See ! she smiles, I'm not despised ;
See ! she loves her William still ;
Though by heav'n immortalized,
Still she smiles on silly Bill.

I hear

I hear a voice that ye cannot,
 It calls me to heav'nly bliss,
 Sweet lips I see that ye may not,
 For heav'n's bliss dwells in their kiss.
 A hand I see says follow me,
 Where follow I surely will,
 O God, where saints all hallow thee !
 Beckons she her silly Bill.

Yes, see, she beck'ns me to heaven,
 For she bids me go with her,
 Paradise that place is even,
 It must be heav'n if she's there.
 Coming, fair sprite, ever loving,
 As you grow more lovely still,
 See ! to glory upwards moving !
 'Tis too much for silly Bill.

Ah ! what's that so lustrous seeming ?
 Look, my friends, and no more weep !
 Ah ! or am I only dreaming ?
 Yes, I surely sleep, I sleep !
 Yes, in death's arms he slumber'd,
 May heav'n th'hope of love fulfil,
 Then, though with the dead he's number'd,
 He's no more ! — Poor silly Bill !

THE FALSE FRIEND.

BENEATH yon green weeping willow,
 Sleeps a hapless youth at rest,
 The grave his bed, hard his pillow,
 Yet no care invades his breast !

N

No

No angry waves roll around him,
 He hears not the tempest roar,
 Truth and Peace they now surround him,
 Such as he ne'er knew before.

Cast away, in want, distressed ;
 Almost naked, quite undone !
 Of those friends he once possessed,
 Ah ! he found there liv'd but one !
 " Though my wealth is lost for ever,
 " And many friends are now no more,
 " I'll not grieve," said he, " O never !
 " Since I've still a friend on shore !

" Unto him I'll tell my sorrow,
 " He's rich, and my woes can end ;
 " Besides, what I am forc'd to borrow,
 " Gratitude will make him lend.
 " From the flood of death, in pity,
 " Did I save him once in vain !
 " Now I sink beneath life's mis'ry,
 " Will he not my heart sustain ?
 " The bliss my absence denied him,
 " My present woes will renew,
 " When in want how I supplied him,
 " He'll think, and relieve mine too.
 " To give relief must be a pleasure !
 " Thus his gratitude he'll prove,
 " Closer he'll clasp dear friendship's treasure,
 " Absence ripen'd into love."

Saying thus, pleas'd he, ascending,
 Knocks at the door ; drawing near —
 To him whom his call attending,
 Says : — " Tell your master I'm here ; —
 " Tell him his old friend's returned, —
 " His dear Albert is come home !

“ Much to see me has he burned,
“ Haste and tell him I am come !”

Now when he heard the news so eager !
Came he not with double speed ?
What, though he saw him pale and meagre,
Did it not tell him his need ?
He came, but ne’er said “ God save thee !”
No : he saw, then shut the door :
And sure ’twas enough he gave thee,
Yes, for you will ne’er want more !

Alas ! poor soul ! oh how he trembled !
Such ingratitude to find,
It much the dart of death resembled,
Sharper than the northern wind ;
Deeper it his bosom wounded
Than his whole life’s miseries,
Down he sunk, shock’d and confounded,
Then for ever clos’d his eyes !

L A U R E T T A.

CUPID once for a frolic chang’d himself to a dove,
The story’s natural, and I credit it too,
For what disguise may not be assumed by love ?
To win its fond object, O ! what will not love do ?

The fair Lauretta was just then taking a walk,
Of beauty and virtue the fairest blossom,

So, pretending as if 'twas pursu'd by a hawk,
For protection it fled into her bosom.

Although much surpris'd at so strange an event,
She rejoic'd such protection to give,
With pleasure unfeigned her pity she lent,
Though oft with sighs her kind bosom did heave.

Not only that such innocence should have a foe,
But for the fair fear-stricken dovelet she sigh'd,
For the little thing panted and fluttered so,
She verily thought with the fear 'twould have died.

With pity she sooth'd it, with her breath warm'd it ;
At length it recovered and rais'd up its head ;
When, as if something strange had just alarm'd it,
On a sudden, away from her bosom it fled.

Careful follow'd the virgin to catch it again,
When, " Stand !" a bold voice said ; ('twas a Cupid who
spoke ;)
For, soon she saw nought but the pinions remain
Of the bird ; on Cupid, not a dove, did she look.

Alarm'd, she saw his bow bent, his arrow was aim'd,
Its barb'd point seem'd levell'd exact 'gainst her breast,
When, " Ah ! stay, stay ! false ungrateful boy," she ex-
claim'd,

" Is't thus you reward those who pity the distress'd ?"

" Yes," reply'd the arch youth, twanging his bow,
(The arrow, well aim'd, deeply pierc'd her left side,)

" Yes, all such as you I always serve so,

" For, where Pity dwells, 'tis best Love should reside !"

A NEGRO'S SONG.

If, then, to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. —

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

WHY white man de poor negro beat ?
Why use him so improper ?
Tell me, why should white man ill-treat
De black, de brown, de copper ?

Is it 'cause him black colour hate,
Dat so cruel him do use 'em ?
O why den does him stain wid dat
De heart in him own bosom ?

And why copper should him detest,
Him worse in my opinion ?
Him face be brass, steel be him breast,
Whose heart you know is iron !

Do smooth him tongue, soft sound dere flies,
No better for believing,
De seat of truth is in de eyes,
Wid dem dere's no deceiving.

Den as de eyes dey be most dear,
Wid white man black is even,

It sparkle bright, it shed de tear,
It look too up to heaven.

De white have de pow'r, black be weak,
'Tis not giv'n to correct us,
But, when relief de helpless seek,
'Tis dem for to protect us.

Do him have fire-arms? — to undone
De villain only dey be ;
But him make himself surely one,
Who do use dem cruelly.

Why wid dat name poor black disgrace,
Because him ugly feature ?
Dere no sin in looks of de face,
De thought make wicked creature.

Den how bad him who hurt de weak !
Do white him have no beauty,
Him only handsome, do him meek,
Who do to him brother duty !

Why blame us ? no man make himself !
So much better as I'm heedful ;
For white man, for de wicked pelf,
Him would make himself so dreadful !

De shame make white man often red,
Fear make him white, remorse sallow,
But 'tis de sun, de rays him shed
Make us negro black or yellow !

GODALBERT,

GODALBERT, THE ATHEIST.

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto. — HOR.

COME, horrible muse! clad in all thy horrors, come! the frenzy of my soul invokes thy presence in shape as horrible as thou wilt appear in the world's grand empyrosis, in the latter day of judgement! Come, horrors, come! for my soul is full of thee! and to tune of death-watch sound, and clinking of hollow bones from the grave new torn: oh! come and sing.

'Twas in that horrific night, oh dismal to tell!
When the thundering heavens look'd blacker than hell,
Godalbert, the Atheist, rush'd forth from the dell
On his steed both of ebon and white;
" Oh! why start'st thou, my charger?" he in hoarse accents
cry'd,
" No blood stains thy white crest, those fires chance only can
" guide,
" He should alone tremble, who thy strong back doth bestride,
" For, in blood doth Godalbert delight."

True! howl'd dismal the wind, roar'd the thunders around,
The blue lightnings, flashing, singe the blood-bestain'd ground;
Wing'd by chance, they're harmless; yet he fear'd, for he found
That he rode over the bones of the dead;
'Twas the crackling of bones 'neath each silver-shod hoof,
And voices of dæmons in the dark clouds aloof,
Gave the courser's mettlesome spirit such reproof,
Standing, paw'd he the ground, tossing his head.

" What!

“ What ! doth the sound of marrowless bones give thee af-
 “ fright ?

“ Or starts my steed at the lightnings’ blue vivid light ?

“ What appals thy stout heart in this terrific night ?

“ Alas ! is it yon eyeless grinning skull ?”

“ It is !” roar’d the chief, in the ghastly tone of surprise,

“ But why ? true horrible ’tis, but its looks I despise,

“ The blood on my sword it can’t see, for it hath no eyes ;

“ Fly on ! my heart is with courage still full.”

That instant, back starting, the steed darts fleet o’er the plain ;

As o’er the wolf’s bane and night-shade he tore on amain,

Down on the fleshless bones Godalbert look’d with disdain,

Which hideous rattled beneath his steed’s feet ;

The dire lightning, harmless, kiss’d the edge of his sword,

Unappall’d listens he whence the thunder loud roar’d,

Heedless of the blast, he his charger’s sides gor’d,

And it o’ertook, he on his course fled so fleet.

When, ah ! now by the lightnings’ short-liv’d, glaring, gleam-
 ing,

He sees rivers of blood ’fore his fear-struck eyes streaming,

Curbs his charger, as loudly he cries, “ Am I dreaming ?

“ What a horrible vision of blood !”

Yes, yes, alas ! red was the stream which splash’d in his ears,

And for once more in his life the proud Atheist fears,

Curbs he his horse in dismay, but the swifter it tears,

Undauntedly splashing through the red flood !

At the sight, struck with horror, disgust, and surprise,

His feelings no longer could th’Atheist disguise,

But, in the scarf which cover’d his breast, hid his eyes,

Yet, ah, alas ! it was all in vain ;

For, no comfort nor peace did the trial impart,

For, worse sights he then saw in his own throbbing heart,

With horror touch’d at its blackness, gives he a start,

And his fear-struck eyes opens again.

And

And what sees he now, as tears he over the plain?
Does he admire still his steed's long white flowing mane?
Is't the blood he looks on with such ghastly disdain?

Or, on his horse, sadly panting for breath?
Oh no: the beast which he rode, most wondrous to tell,
Was a skeleton, meagre, putrescent, and pale,
The black bits in his mouth were all forged in hell,
For, 'twas one o'the grim coursers of Death!

And, "oh! how hideous the spirits that glide 'fore his eyes!
Again would he back have look'd, but the dread furies shrill cries,
Which thence heard he, appall'd him; " See there, the fra-
" tricide flies!"

" Here," cry'd one, " with these red-hot iron chains,
" sister, bind him."

But that which his troubled mind most of all now alarms
Is his steel-encas'd bosom which courage yet warms,
He saw enclasp'd was about by cold fleshless arms,
And, turning round, finds a skeleton horseman behind him.

" Ah! is it?" aghast he cried aloud, " yes, yes, 'tis him!"
He knew well his companion, not by his fleshless limb,
But by a dagger, and not his alter'd visage so grim,
A dagger, which held 'tween the ribs, still stuck in his
side;

Yes, he knew it by the mark which on the haft still remain'd,
He knew it because still with blood it was rusted and stain'd,
'Twas his brother behind, by those marks the knowledge he gain'd:
" Ah! my brother, is't thou?" in despair loudly he cry'd.

" Yes," the skeleton roar'd, (his breast-bones rattled loud as he
sigh'd,)

" Yes, thy brother I am, you well know, thou most base fra-
tricide!

" Who in the black wood, near his own castle, was said to have
" dy'd

" By the murderous hand of a robber unknown;

O

" But

- “ But murder is no secret in heav’n, you also must know :
“ Now, the blood-thirsty robber who stole my life, — yes, was
“ thou !
“ My own brother plac’d this dagger where it sticks even now,
“ Struck with such ardour it even pierced the bone.
“ Yes, Godalbert, ’twas thou who me murder’d for wicked
“ pride,
“ To gain my wealth and possessions, by thine hand I dy’d ;
“ But you have not yet got all, there’s a something beside !
“ ’Tis death, to which thou art by mine the true heir ;
“ That bliss thou canst not yet have, but by order supreme
“ above,
“ There’s ’yond the grave a reversion for your brotherly love !”
Cry’d the grim chief, as they like lightning down a dire precipice drove :
“ Ah ! what is it ?” was ask’d : “ See ! eternal despair !”
-

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

THE night was dark, the sleet, cold rain, and wind,
Hard against the cottage-casement beat,
Its violence brought to poor Anna’s mind
The memory of her true-love sweet.
She had not heard of him for six long years,
For six long years, alas ! he’d been at sea,
So, whene’er the loud stormy wind she hears,
She mourns his fate suppos’d : — “ He’s drown’d !” sighs she.

Now

Now at the window close she sat and wept,
 Now on her pillow sought to lull her care,
 But, ere she to her couch reluctant crept,
 Plac'd to the window a small taper near.
 " Who knows but when o'er the wide dusky heath,"
 Said she, " you dart your little friendly ray,
 " The poor traveller you may warn from death,
 " And guide him on his dark and dangerous way."

Oh! scarce down had she knelt by her bed-side,
 On her true-love William to implore
 Those blessings that always the good betide,
 When hears she a gentle knock at the door.
 " Oh! let me in," a voice unknown adjoin'd,
 " I am one, who, alas! hath lost his way,
 " And late is the hour, cold is the wind,
 " Oh kindly let me in, I humbly pray!" —

But, ah! lest it should be some robber rude,
 The lovely Anna fears to ope the door,
 First, therefore, she list'ning, trembling, stood,
 As thus to hear what he would say still more. —
 " I am one who is come to find his love,
 " And have lost me in so fondly doing,
 " Oh! if love's passion you e'er did prove,
 " For Love and Pity's sake let me now in."

" For Pity and for my William's sake
 " Instantly," she cried, " I will let thee in,
 " And a bright blazing fire I'll soon make,
 " For you must wet be to the very skin."

Down then she went, and quickly op'd the door,
 But, oh! her joy-frenzied wond'ring stare
 To describe is far beyond my weak pow'r,
 For, 'twas her own true-love William there!

" And is it so?" surpris'd, o'erjoy'd, said he,
 " And was it thou, my love, who plac'd the light?"

- “ Whose gen’rous ray so safely guided me
“ From th’impervious dangers of the night !”
“ It was; and thus it is decreed of heaven,
“ T’inspire us with kindness tow’rds all, to shew
“ That those, who truly pity others, even
“ Bless themselves in the gen’rous deeds they do.”

THE DREAM.

METHOUGHT, in a dream, that my love,
In the voice of one deeply distress’d,
Cried for help, as vainly she strove
’Gainst the black wolf which clung to her breast ;
Yes, I saw the most ravin of beasts,
The most savage in nature was he,
For, it cruelly tore those white breasts,
Which oft heav’d with such pity for me.

And, say, shall she in vain cry for aid ?
Ah ! methought I exclaim’d with a frown,
As her father I saw, undismay’d,
Stand unmov’d, with a smile gazing on ;
“ Oh no, no, I will save her or die !”
But, whilst running there as I spoke,
A loud noise at my window close by
So startled my senses, I woke.

Much vex’d that depriv’d I should be
Of the pleasure of saving my love,

Who

Who it was arose I to see,
 And found 'twas my white carrier dove.
 What, though 'twas a fav'rite bird,
 In my anger have kill'd it I could,
 But, oh ! such a thing was ne'er heard,
 Its white crest was bestained with blood.

O straight took I it in, with desire
 To examine the blood-bestain'd part,
 For I fear'd the sportsman's dread fire
 Had found way to its dear little heart :
 But how did mine with horror rebound
 As I rais'd up its wing, there to see
 Close beneath, by some silk tied around,
 A billet directed to me.

My dove all in flutter did seem,
 As in haste the note open I tore,
 When, to verify th'ominous dream,
 This was written in letters of gore :
 " The wolf, thy rival, he may now despair
 " To sip joy from th'heart of your love,
 " For, the dearest drops that e'er flowed there
 " Stain the crest of my Willy's fond dove."

Soon my poor trembling body I clad,
 And directly down ran to the spot,
 Where her father stood lamenting sad
 His only daughter's unhappy lot.
 To one basely he'd doomed her charms,
 When another, he knew, she lov'd best : —
 He persists : — she prefers death's cold arms,
 And the knife had plung'd deep in her breast.

THE FORCE AND POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East,
Will ever medicine THEM to slumber.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITHIN, a secret pow'r is found,
Whose force words can't declare,
It hath no tongue, it yields no sound,
Yet it e'er whispers there ;
This grand, unseen, organless power,
When thunder is not fear'd,
And deaf we are to cannon's roar,
It will be felt and heard.
Those, then, alone can know who feel
With what pow'r it abounds,
Comfort's sweet balm it hath to heal
The very heart it wounds.
Writings, howe'er, they are sublime,
Some doctrines are uncouth,
This excels all the works of time,
For it e'er tells the truth.
Ask not my meaning to impart,
Guess not, ye men of sense,
But tell them, thou, O guilt-stung heart,
Say, is it conscience ?
Yes ; 'tis that pow'r, which, when the heart
Hath wisely done aright,

Will

Will such a secret joy impart,
Glow it will with delight;
That power, which, when it doth wrong,
Its fleshy wall will sting,
Making to tremble weak and strong,
The beggar, fool, knave, king.
Stay, stay, my pen, no more of this,
No more fair paper blot,
By thus explaining what it is,
Lest you say what 'tis not;
For, it's beyond the art of man,
With all his skill so delf,
The sacred pow'r I sing to scan,
'Tis God, 'tis God himself!

THE RING-DOVE.

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies. SHAKESPEARE.

LIGHTLY sat the ring-dove o'er her callow young,
She had just finish'd pruning her snowy crest,
And, in cooing melody thus sweetly sung
To her mate, whom kenn'd she skimming tow'rd's the
nest,

“ Welcome,

“ Welcome, fair dove-mate, to your fav’rite hawthorn spray!
“ Welcome, thrice welcome to your love-hallowed nest!
“ Welcome to the pillow by which you nightly lay!
“ White it is and soft, for I have well smooth’d my breast!”—

A loud sudden noise stopp’d her tuneful tongue,
’Twas the sportsman’s fire that thunder’d through the grove,
Silent she trembled o’er her panting young,
She trembled for her mate, the shot-wounded dove.

Flutt’ring awhile ’twas seen in the echoing air,
Now sudden she saw it fall to rise no more;
For, its parental breast, once so smooth, white, and fair,
Was now bestained o’er with its own heart’s gore!

But why, ye unfledg’d little ones, ye dovelets dear!
Ye know not your loss, why then can ye not rest?
Alas! how could they sleep, whilst pillowed so near
The pants, the quick throbbings of their parent’s breast?

But why tremble ye? ye know not the sad-done harm,
Ye the dread thunder only heard as it distant roll’d;
Ye shiver, — ye’re cold: ah! how could that nest be warm,
When the bosom of its owner was for ever cold?

Yes, cold it was, yet not so cold as th’insensate heart
That in the sportsman’s barb’rous sport can coolly so delight,
For the chill of death relieves life’s severest smart,
But the chill of insensibility gives all affright.

Why, man! that sudden, unexpected, and unseen,
Falls the bolt of fate, dost thou murmur at or wonder?
When in the gun’s dread report ye emulate, I ween,
To practise its dread pow’r, and imitate its thunder.

EDWIC AND UDINA.

Infelix, nulli bene nupta marito. — AUSONIUS.

UDINA ! most beauteous of the lovely train
Of virgin nymphs, the offspring of gay Erin's isle,
Belov'd of chieftains, by am'rous princes sought in vain,
Edwic alone she lov'd, by Edwic lov'd again,
He was the only youth on whom she deign'd to smile.

He, in the fiercest battle had obtain'd renown,
Renown, so great and fair, it gave and added grace
To her beauteous brow, with laurels fair to crown,
He nobly and only fought, and whose smiles alone
The love-inspir'd valour did in his bosom place.

A true love so happy, an unison so fair,
No harsh parental voice or human law deny'd,
Quick therefore to the sacred grove they both repair,
With joy they found the holy priests assembled there,
Whom Udina prayed to make her Edwic's bride.

But, oh ! blue and dull burneth the sacred flame they feed,
Aloud they scream, and refuse th'union to bless ;
The mystic book of fate's unfolded, wherein they read,
That, of heav'n, by the voice of the Druids 'twas decreed,
“ A cruel tyrant should the lovely maid possess.”

P

Abash'd,

Abash'd, sore griev'd, in haste they quit the hallow'd grove,
 They knew to oppose the will of heav'n was vain,
 And in vain it is t'oppose the strong course of lovè,
 For, each in pow'r is equal, both come from above,
 Which too well they also knew by their heartfelt pain.

Sad pair ! What must they do ? could mortal cease to love
 A nymph so fair and one who love return'd so true ?
 Is there a human heart that could so callous prove
 As to suffer one who resembled those above
 To be another's lot ? a cruel tyrant's too !

None would, did all possess the spirit gen'rous and great,
 Such as then inspired Edwic's fond noble heart,
 He, th'odious name of tyranny did truly hate,
 And shudder'd at the apparent harsh decree of fate
 That could lasting mis'ry to one so fair impart.

And she so truly lov'd the noble warlike youth,
 A dagger prov'd the awful sentence to her heart ;
 Not because the decree was to her joys uncouth,
 So much as, that, from him who lov'd with such sweet truth,
 She must by cruel hands be ever torn apart.

Therefore, with mutual voice, vainly resolved they
 Sooner to die, than such misery to endure,
 And, in the excess of love, forgot, oh ! sad to say !
 The just will of Providence to bend to and obey,
 And thus were punish'd for't rightly I am sure.

That a cruel tyrant should his lovely fair possess
 Is the will of heaven prophetically decreed,
 " And who," says Edwic, with a sigh words can ne'er ex-
 press,
 " Who can this tyrant be ? " " Alas ! " reply'd she, " Oh !
 " yes,
 " 'Tis sad enough for me to know it can't mean thee.

" I wish

- " I wish it did, and even thou a tyrant was,
 " Since with such gentle tyranny e'er rulest thou,
 " That, to love none but thee, dost me so sweetly cause,
 " And, to obey none else, so gentle are the laws
 " To whose fond pow'r thy smiles alone make me to bow,
 " Ah no, Edwic, no ; Fate prophecies not of thee !"
 " Then," saith he, " to what other tyrant can it allude ?
 " Perhaps to Prince Olla ? oh, say, love, is it he ?
 " Yes, he who's now in thy father's court it must be,
 " For to demand your hand he's come, I have understood."
 " It is, it surely is !" with one voice they both agree,
 Forgetting in the frenzy of their grief and love
 Th'unalterable certainty of heav'n's decree,
 And, in trying to 'scape the bolt, O Fate ! of thee,
 They ran, and sooner met what to avoid they strove.
 For, " Let us fly the cruel and inhuman pow'r
 " Of him, whose base designs such bliss as ours would
 " mar :
 " Let us," said Edwic, " in the secret midnight hour
 " Leave a court where such danger o'er our heads doth low'r,
 " Oh let us instant fly and from it run afar.
 " Distant from Prince Olla's tyrannous wicked hands
 " Oh let us fly, and thus avoid the dread decree,
 " Nature speaks, and obey we must, for Love commands,
 " To the thick wood repair and hide, mid which there stands
 " A cave, that no one knows the entrance of but me.
 " There, life's conveniencies I've previously convey'd,
 " Thinking you could not refuse the proffer'd dear recess,
 " There, too, a couch for you, and one for me apart, is laid,
 " On whose soft pillow the dear sacred purity of maid
 " Lust never yet defil'd, no, nor whilst it's mine e'er shall.

" Since, alas ! the sacred law of heav'n doth deny
 " Our unison entire, ah ! content we both will sigh
 " To live and lead a life of chaste celibacy ;
 " Pleas'd, though we can't be join'd in wedlock's unity,
 " That thou art not a tyrant's sacrifice nor am I.

" If, then, to mine arms your safety you can confide,
 " Nor doubt my honour, virtue, sincerity, and love,
 " Straight you'll leave a place where your peace is thus deny'd,
 " And, suff'ring me, your lov'd Edwic, to be your guide,
 " Thus trust to one that will your sole protection prove."

'Twas Nature's soft eloquence that ne'er pleads in vain,
 United with the cogent arguments of love,
 The list'ning maiden heard with such pleasing pain,
 Thus, whilst she confess'd the harmony o'the strain,
 Innocently owns its power her heart did move.

" Yes ! what we cannot conquer, let us wisely shun !"

Exclaimed she, as Edwic's neck embrac'd was by her charms ;

" With you, o'er danger's roughest course I'd lightly run,
 " Nor fear to fall, supported by so kind a one

" As thou, in whose good heart I trust : — then why not in

" your arms ?

" Yes, — now then is the time ; oh quick, quick, my love,
 " let's go,
 " This is the apt, dark, solemn hour of secret flight,
 " To that recess, your love-inspired mem'ry doth know,
 " To the thick wood's retreat, oh let us hasten now !
 " Whilst closely veil'd in the disguising cloak of night."

No sooner sprang the sweet words from her lips most fair,
 Then, gently he rais'd her from the place on which she stood,
 O'er the cold stream safely her lovely form to bear,
 That stream which pass they must t'escape, dark rolling there,
 So close around him she clung, and darts he through the
 flood.

Dark

Dark indeed and dismal was the eventful night,

But love hath eyes that pierce the very thickest gloom,
The mystic torch of love yields such a wond'rous light,
It displays impervious dangers to the sight,
At least, so fires the heart, it fears no danger's doom.

Now, safely having cross'd the flood, rolling fierce and dark,
Heedless and swift onward their course boldly they pursue,
Unimpeded, save when they stopp'd awhile to hark,
If to betray their flight and their retreat to mark
Any one follow'd, which oft they did naturally too.

For love, as from danger it retreats, often looks behind,
Thinking each dark object it views some foe may prove :
“ Stop, stop !” it also thinks it hears in ev'ry breath of wind :
Yet soon at the destined spot our lovely pair we find,
For what is swifter than the pennons light of love ?

Yes, soon at the kind destin'd spot arriv'd the lovely pair,
Soon the subterraneous retreat gladly enter'd they,
And joyously seated them on the two seats found they there,
Yet sighed still, until awhile they sought to lull their care
On the soft sep'rate pillows, on which soon they sleeping
lay.

But Edwic's cares were with the light of day renew'd :
He rose, down'd him with his quiver, and seiz'd his bow,
Prepar'd then to depart to seek his love some food,
But yet, awhile musing, he by her bed-side stood
Gazing on her charms, to leave whom he scarce knew
how.

“ Well,” cried he, “ at least one chaste kiss I'll take ere we
“ part.”

He did, — but press'd his lips 'gainst her's so ardent, she
awoke,

And, thus seeing him accoutred, wonder'd and gave a start !

“ What ! art thou going to leave me, sole comfort of my heart ?

“ Wilt thou then leave me thus ?” she affectionately spoke.

“ Yes,

“ Yes, dearest love,” falteringly the noble youth reply’d,
 “ I go, but soon back again will return to joy and thee ;
 “ Oh ! in mine absence let no futile fears that heart betide,
 “ I go, love, to hunt for food ;” — there he stopp’d and deeply
 sigh’d, —

“ But, ere a short hour is pass’d away, I return’d shall be.”

He said, and still deeper sigh’d to see his Udina weep,
 As she kindly bade him of the wild beasts beware,
 And, “ Yes,” said he, “ heav’n will for your sake Edwic
 “ safely keep,
 “ Therefore, till I return, love, yet a little longer sleep,
 “ Fearless of danger ; till then, O well may you fare.”

After long struggling with the force of duty and of love,
 Resolutely breaking from her arms fast away he ran, -
 And, ah ! unhappy will that hour when you departed prove,
 But of ail most fatal was the hour in which ye both strove
 ’Gainst the will of heaven ; for, then it was your woes began.

Alas ! could Udina sleep, when the youth so loved she
 Thus was absent from her heart-aching side ? Oh, no !
 oh, no !

Would she not anxious rise and pray th’hour expir’d might be,
 When she could look for his sweet return, and his dear self
 see ?

Swift as the time flies, would she not chide it for being
 slow ?

She did, and wept, and wept and sigh’d, oh deeply sighed she,
 That the time of his return mov’d with such lingering pace,
 But, if ere that hour expir’d was, mourn’d she so dismally,
 When that hour was far claps’d, what must her grief and an-
 guish be ?

For so it was, and no Edwic yet returned from the chase.

Oh ! no grand art of poetry or painting could portray
 Her grief, so great it was ! so be it only said,

That

That up she rose from the couch where long she sorrowing lay,
 In th'anguish of despair resolv'd to seek him on his way,
 Fearing some accident his dear return delay'd.

But, lest in her trackless path she should then chance to meet
 Any one of the foe who might her sweet person recognize,
 As well as the rude attack of wild beasts to defeat,
 With armour, which hanging in the cave she found complete,
 Clad she herself, and sallies forth secure in the disguise.

Scarce paces fifty had this ponopled fair maiden gone,
 When, lo! she Edwic saw returning on his homeward
 way,

Loaded with rich spoil, in the chase nobly and fairly won,
 She knew him by his armour bright, which glisten'd in the sun,
 She knew him by the sweetly-sung favourite lover's lay.

But, oh! when her disguis'd person met Edwic's wond'ring
 sight,

Alas! he knew her not, but thought she was some foe,
 Who there lurked as a spy, having follow'd them th'o'ernight,
 That learn his dear retreat and betray his true-love he might,
 Therefore to punish him he bravely strung his bow.

The fatal arrow levell'd at the breast unknown, — “ Forbear!

“ You mistake, I am no foe to thee or thine,” cry'd she;
 But, alas! her voice, as well as person so tall and fair,
 So alter'd was the one by dress, the other by despair,
 He knew not, nor would believe but she a foe must be.

Therefore, deaf to her cries, he rashly pois'd the sure-aim'd
 dart,

And, heedless, twang'd the bow against the suppos'd un-
 known breast;

Quick flew the dire fatal weapon to the least-guarded part,
 And pierc'd, oh most horrible to tell! pierc'd her to the heart,
 And she fell to the ground with the deep mortal wound op-
 press'd.

In-tantly,

Instantly, where he imagin'd lay his expiring foe

He ran ; but, quick as he ran, came, alas ! too late ;
 Yes, who was his fall'n conquer'd enemy he came to know,
 And, ere all the red stream of life did from the bosom flow,
 To learn the sad cause that produc'd so dread a fate.

But, no sooner came he near enough to plainly view
 The bleeding body that before him in death writhing laid,
 Than he the armour that encas'd it, too, too well knew,
 He knew it to be his, and exclaim'd in words too true,
 " This some friend must be, since he's with mine armour
 " thus array'd.

" Perhaps some one, Udina, griev'd at my absence, may have
 " To bring me home sent after me: it must be so I'm sure ;
 " For, this self-same armour I left hanging up in the cave ;
 " Some friend of her's it must be ; oh help me his life to save !"
 Repentantly he cry'd, as the pierc'd corslet off he tore.

Oh woe ! oh woe ! oh woe ! ah ! what a sight was there expos'd,
 A female bosom mortally wounded, bleeding to view ;
 Oh ! how he shudder'd, as tremblingly he her helm unloos'd,
 For, oh horror of horrors ! what a sight was then disclos'd, —
 'Twas Udina dying, yes, dear Udina ! it was you.

Almost exhausted, she had but just breath enough left to say,
 " Unalterable are the decrees of providence and fate,
 " They, who his unerring high command oppose and disobey,
 " Like me, to their rash contumacy will fall a hapless prey,
 " And, like me, alas ! repent their folly when it is too
 " late.

" A cruel tyrant I should wed, thus the high decree did say,
 " Oh ! who's to me more cruel than the tyrant Death to
 " meet ?
 " And to him am I not wedded, even now, this very day ?
 " You were the father who in wedlock gave me to him away ;
 " But I forgive you, though my wedding-garb's a winding-
 " sheet !"

She

She said, and, close-pressing his trembling lips to hers, she
tried

To arise, but soon again on his aching bosom fell,
Then sigh'd forth a pray'r forgiving, to be forgiv'n, then died.
And, oh ! say was it her blood that bestain'd Edwic's throbbing
side,

Or was it his own ? Ah ! I tremble so, I dare not tell.

Suffice it to say, that in opposing the divine will

Of him above, harsh as it may to our short sight appear,
We only make Fate's quick-flying bolt fly the quicker still,
And for our rash irreverence are punish'd, as all will

Who do as those did, whose fault let us shun with holy fear,
And to whose memory shed the heart-wept, pitying tear.

Perhaps some people (whose talents for misrepresentation I am truly well aware of) may infer, that, in the above tale of Edwic and Udina, I wish'd to inculcate the doctrine of absolute fatality ; but let me observe for my own credit, as well as the satisfaction of my readers, that it is intended merely to display the frailty of the human mind, and not to convey any religious dogma, sentiment, or moral truth, any farther than may arise from the warning the errors which others may run into may afford, and which I have for that purpose here endeavoured to depict. My narrative being disguised in the imagery I have with the pencil of a puerile fancy so irregularly sketched, is, because the time of action must be supposed to have been, when the nation alluded to in the apologue, where the scene is acted, was involved in the darkness of superstition, human weakness, and barbarism ; and when the confined notions of the Deity did never exceed an absolute act of fate and predestiny, urged by extreme and unavoidable necessity, thus circumscribing and contracting both the power of God and man, particularly disallowing the noble gift of ratiocination, so generously and wisely bestowed upon the latter ; but, as that is a subject I would not discuss at this present, allow me only

to partially descant upon the little instruction my story may convey, which tends to prove how necessary it is to the happiness of man and the better dispensations of Providence, that his decrees should be secret and hid in darkness ; for, was God to declare to us, previous to the action, his divine will and intention, how truly we are disposed presumptuously to oppose it, even though we are confident it is certain, inevitable, and just, being the determination of a God who is omnipotent as well as all-wise, consequently can never err, or suffer his sacred power to be infringed upon ; but those, who oppose his will, fall a prey to their contumacy like Edwice and Udina, who, in striving to avoid what they thought the harsh decree of fate, only ran to meet the levelled dart the sooner. Their death I hope may prove a warning to others ; their endeavours being not only weak and wicked, but, in acting against the power of God, it was unwise ; for, had those lovers bent with reverent submission to the mysterious will of their Creator, they might have lived by mature deliberation to have disclosed what, in the frenzy of their love and folly of disobedience, seemed to them so ominously unhappy ; whereas, it was to their natural benefit of course, for, by being considerate, they might have understood that the tyrant alluded to was no human enemy, no mortal despot, but Death himself, the tyrant of us all, and no other, and thus have lived perhaps a long time fulfilling the duties of their station, and acting the part assigned to them by the God they rebelled against, and, instead of hurrying as it were to that grave we all necessarily sooner or later must arrive at, they might have lived to have seen their utmost wish fulfilled, and have been happy in the unison of that love which death only was destined to divide, which I made the Druids to foretel ; but, that in so mysterious a manner, they mistake its meaning ; and, as we are all liable to err in the same way, and the consequences attending such their error may attend ours ; you must no doubt be fully acquainted with the moral their story may afford, and acknowledge with Horace, —

Prudens

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
 Caliginosa nocte premit *Deus*.
 Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
 Fas trepidet. —

And which is thus translated by Dryden : —

But God has wisely hid from human sight
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
 When mortals *search too soon* and *fear too late*.

There are various degrees of fate allowed, and many are argued, but I will not here take the part of any, as it is not a place to such a subject, nor is my capacity equal for so ingenious a discussion, as an argument so sublime requires ; therefore, only allowing a nameless degree, I introduce the above tale as an apology for its being conducted in mystery, by shewing how truly necessary it is to the happiness of man that he should be blinded to his fate, and that destiny should be conducted by God's secret appointment ; for, it being made known often inspires the mind, prone to disobedience from the unfavourable appearance it may bear, to resist the will of God, and would in many instances stop the course of Nature ; therefore, as Pope observes : —

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pies'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.

Let us then with reverence bow to the dispensations of Providence, nor murmur or repine at the misfortunes of life ; for, care, pain, and suffering, are all in the order and course of nature : — to act against whom is to conspire against God, and that is the most contumacious impiety.

MAT MAINDECK.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

LIKE a tough man of war is a brave British tar,
Firm his heart is as oak, his bosom's its ocean,
On which, oft to do good, it is borne near and far,
Just as a sigh, smile, or tear, gives it motion.
His outside is rough, quite rigg'd out for the weather of life,
And just such was Mat Maindeck that sailor so jolly,
Who now going was to leave that safe port, th'arms of a
wife,
And his anchor had clear'd from th'embrace of his Polly.

Shiver me, says he, though Poll splic'd her arms tight round
my neck,
We shipp'd a sea, lads, methought I never could wea-
ther,

But

But sadly feared I should be human Folly's dire wreck,
 My sides heav'd so, their timbers could scarce keep together.

But, since it was duty that cut our strong cables apart,
 Most nobly thought I, this same grieving's a folly,
 Yet as virtue and woman's love are the rudder o'th'heart,
 No wonder I griev'd so on parting with Polly.

However, resign'd, I set all hands to work at my pumps,
 For deep in leak sprung like hold was my sorrow,
 But I thought pump 'em dry I ne'er could, and was quite in
 the dumps,

Till from heav'n Consolation's aid I did borrow.
 Courage he sent me, springing up like a fresh weather
 breeze,
 I resolv'd to be no more sad or melancholy,
 Sails all unfurl'd, I commit Poll to heav'n, myself to the seas,
 And all hands unmoor'd, thus at last parted with Polly.

Avast there ! I lie : — for, oh ! how could we ever part ?
 What ! d'ye think as how I am a false-bosom'd lubber ?
 No, no : — for, d'ye mind me, Poll still dwells in my oaken
 heart ;

To be sure, 'twan't much like a true sailor to blubber.
 Smite me ! but she not only has in my steerage a birth,
 But with pleasure I find she possesses me wholly,
 Her constancy guides me, O such is her wondrous worth !
 My rudder, my ballast, my freight, yea, all is my Polly.

We've false colours and pirates at shore as well as at sea,
 But I fear neither such foe, or pirate, or rover,
 They approach, but away directly they sheer, for they see
 By my fair colours I am a true-hearted lover.
 Honour's my admiral ; Courage is next in command ;
 They both in the service live, love true and jolly ;

So,

So, let who will dare attack me, or at sea or on land,
I'll die sooner than yield up my love for my Polly.

Now, when a ship's so betoss'd, she cannot weather the
storm,

In the course of despair the crew oftentimes forsake her,
So of my troubles in life a true idea you may form,

When ye know I've so oft struck 'gainst Poverty's
breaker.

Yes, I was once so betoss'd, trouble's storms so loudly
roar'd,

In the height of despair and weak human folly
Courage and fortitude would have left me, but that on
board

I had the remembrance o' the love of my Polly.

I too remember one morn at day-break a large sail we
espy'd,

'Twas an enemy's : — so soon we gave him the battle,
Now you'll scarce believe it, but know, true courage even
sigh'd,

Yes, a sigh e'en was heard 'mid the guns' thundrous
rattle.

For, having disarm'd a Frenchman, oh, says Courage, says
he,

Save, save his life, let who will say pity's all a folly,
For who knows but when honour sets this brave man once
more free,

He has one who sighs for his return, and loves like my
Polly !

Thus you see Love's constancy is the brave tar's all in all,

So Polly, dearest girl ! oh ! thy faith ! how I thank her !
Constancy in love, 'twas that steer'd me when dangers
appal,

When Hope herself sat weeping upon the sheet-anchor.

Yet,

Yet, this same last engagement, ah ! though we conquer'd
the foe,

Quite maim'd me, and from more fighting disabled me
wholly,

But, though my hull was so pepper'd and I'd a timber toe,

I still had a heart left worth sending back to my Polly.

The sweet reception I met with from her honest heart

Soon made me quite forget the sad cause of my dolours,

She vow'd she'd sooner see me shattered in ev'ry part,

Than to hide a defect, I came back with false colours.

Till she took me in tow, in Greenwich tier, lads, I lay,

Made an hospital-ship ; but know, messmates so jolly !

The sole proof of my hospitality, that find e'er you may,

Is, when ye come and drink a can with me and my Polly.

In her loving arms safely moor'd still I ride it out bold,

No rude gales of woe me from my moorings shall sever,

What I want in my stern she fully makes up in my *hold*,

Which is so truly fast, 'twill I hope last for ever.

To be sure, death will one time cut our cables apart,

But, to repine, grieve, or murmur, 'tis a sad folly !

For, to heaven did always belong her generous heart,

Then, 'why should I for myself's sake keep heav'n from
Polly ?

So, fill the can, messmates ! drink ! as ye are bold so be gay,

Sailors should always be free from care, grief, or sorrow,

For to rest his country in peace he'll strive nobly to-day,

Though a rough death-cold wave be his coffin to-morrow.

But, d'ye see, should Death run me deep aground, I've oft-
times cry'd,

Why should I murmur ? 'tis folly, mere folly !

For the ebbing I well know of the great latter day's tide

Shall right me, aye, and bear me to bliss and to Polly.

Thus

Thus saying, Mat clasp'd the full can, since, said he, wo-
man's smiles

Are all sailors ask when they fight to reward 'em,
Here's wishing we always may have them to reward our
toils,

And may they e'er have manly hearts from danger to
guard 'em.

Let Britons ever firmly united be in a good cause,

Nor let private int'rest mar the patriot endeavour,

Let each as he's able support constitution and laws,

Then here's Woman, and our Country, and King, boys,
for ever!

O K A A N D Y A K O.

AN INDIAN PLAIN.

Les hommes sont égaux ; ce n'est point la naissance,
C'est la vertu seule, qui fait leur différence. — *VOLTAIRE.*

Poor Oka never hear de noisy tonder roar,
But he sadly tink, ah me ! on dat disma day,
When ugly white man came wid wicked hands, and tore
Poor blacky from him country, wide and far away.
For like de very tonder's dreadful roaring noise,
Sounded de loud bad words o'him gruff wicked voice,
When he swore he must take poor Oka far away,
From him dear native land, O happy Dalhoushay.

Poor

Poor Oka never see de fires in de black sky,
 But he sadly tink, ah me ! on dat disma day,
 When bad white man, he no caring de tear, de sigh,
 Tore me from my much-loved country far away.
 For, like de awfu fire in de black cloudy sky,
 Was de horror wit flashed in him angry eye,
 When he swore he must take poor Oka far away,
 From him dear native land, O happy Dalhoushay.

Poor Oka never see bright dew dat falls de sky
 Shining in de sun on white blossom de black thorn,
 But he tink on de tear dat flowed from de eye
 Of him Yako dear, when he from her arms wad torn.
 For bright de tear did look upon her white eye,
 High her shiny bosom swelled wid de sigh,
 When she saw bad white man her Oka take away,
 From her soft arms and native land, dear Dalhoushay.

Poor Oka never hear de white man's noisy horn,
 Wit dey sound to call him from him short broken rest,
 But he tink, alas ! upon dat sad disma morn,
 When he wad torn from deary Yako's shiny breast.
 For dere den he happy lie all asleep at rest,
 Yes, him pillow soft wad him dear Yako's breast,
 When slyly de white man came and him tore away,
 Far from her and him native land, dear Dalhoushay.

Though poor Oka bear him sad lot widout a sigh,
 (For he, like de whites, to complain, would surely
 scorn,)

He never can forget dat day when cruelly
 By dem wicked white man he from him home wad
 torn.

For, oh ! never can he forget him Yako dear,
 Her heaving, soft, shiny breast, her bright-flowing tear,

R

When

When from her arms he wad so sadly tore away,
Far from him dear native land, happy Dalhoushay.

Poor Oka softly ask de cruel white mans why
Dey so sadly use him? is it 'cause black he be?
Den must he be beat and used so cruelly,
'Cause de naughty white man black colour hateth he?
Oh! if de black colour be de white man's detest,
Why den wid dat colour does he stain him own breast?
For, oh! black indeed must be him heart who tore away
Poor Oka from him Yako dear, and Dalhoushay.

Ah, poor Oka! if dat ever forget do you
De day when white man you from your home basely
tore,
You must forget your Yako dear; which, if you do,
May you forget yourself, alas! for ever more!
If to revenge your tears ever forget you do,
O Oka! may de Indian's God forget you;
When in de clouds he calls him over the mountains far
away,
To rest wid lovers true and rewarded chiefs of Dal-
houshay.

T O T H E P O P P Y.

HAIL, sacred plant! thou, whose potent influence
Bids the grief-swoln bosom cease to sigh or weep,
Who, when anguish and fell torture pinch the sense,
Dost lull their sufferings into balmy sleep!

Sacred

Sacred plant ! pride of the flowery race !

For what flower can such wondrous bliss bestow ?
 Their gay colours oft times the bosom grace,
 But the poppy's virtues heal the throbs below.

Lovely is Flora's garland, I will not deny,

Oh ! what pleasure their varied beauties all impart !
 But, remember, they only charm and please the eye,
 When the poppy's somniferous pow'r relieves the
 heart.

What then, though I should prefer thee to that flower,
 On whom the Teian bard bestow'd such praise ?
 Praise ! like the balmy, refreshing, dewy, shower,
 That to its beauties gave increased grace !

Yes, should I prefer thee to the sweet-blushing rose,
 That oft the gay Anacreon's hoary head enwreath'd,
 And grateful as the zephyr that o'er it gently blows,
 Were the sweet praises that on its loveliness he breath'd.

Should I incense the fair generous choice he made,
 Oh no ! 'twould be no triumph to one of his rare worth,
 To crush the thorn that, growing o'er the poppy's head,
 Enshields it from the blasting influence of the north.

His heav'n-enthron'd spirit would not descend so low,
 Though with the most sacred hand of divine poesy,
 He crown'd the rose, supremely fair of flow'rs, that blow,
 Yet he will allow the poppy must still greater be.

Besides, when he nam'd the rose 'yond compare,
 He knew not what dear, wondrous virtue in the poppy
 grows,
 Being at least so free from pain and care,
 He had no need to praise th'anodyne balm that it be-
 stows.

Therefore, with justice may I name it imperial,
 Nor alone bid it vie with the sweet regal rose,
 But assert its pow'r and virtues more congenial,
 Than any flower that on earth's wide bosom blows.

The violet and rose yield honey to the bee,
 But sweets to pleasure only more pleasures obtain,
 Thus generous blossom must they all yield to thee,
 For sweets cannot alleviate or ease dire pain.

Yes, lovely bloom the rose and lily to the sight!
 Sweet is the odour th'unseen violet doth impart,
 But, ah! the eye, scent, and taste, they alone delight;
 Then, is not that most dear whose pow'r relieves th'
 aching heart?

O then! the poppy must unrivalled enjoy
 Free empire of greatness o'er the flowery race,
 For, when sweets the feverish stomach merely cloy,
 And beauty to charm hath no enticing grace;

When the sipp'd honey-draught gives but increased pain,
 Nor lends the wounded bosom e'en the least relief,
 When gew-gaw show and beauty strive to please in
 vain,
 Yet cannot heal or stop one throb of heart-felt grief.

Then, 'tis our poppy's balm bids anguish cease to weep,
 And with its soporific sov'reign pow'r
 Stamps on th'heart and countenance th'image of that
 sleep,
 Where, nor dreams, nor pain, nor care, are felt more.

When anguish and despair keep ev'ry sense to pain a-
 wake,
 Quick, yet gentle, its essence spreadeth through the
 breast,

Making

Making its noble tenant cease to throb, or sigh, or ache,
And lulls each fear and sorrow unto balmy rest.

And when dire pain trembling through the sore writhing
joints,

Mad impatience causeth us the greater pangs to feel ;
He who his bosom with its syrup once anoints,
Deadens the wound, its anguish too, and gives it time
to heal.

Yes, and when 'tis all o'er with him who breathes his
last,

Some comfort still it yieldeth ere his spirit flies ;
The poppy's potent drops when down his bosom past,
He forgets to sigh or mourn, he e'en knows not that he
dies.

O ! much more than by words can rightly be express'd,
Could I of my poppy's unexcelled virtues tell,
As how it hath oft lull'd the sorrows of my breast,
Or serv'd indeed the force of conscience to repel.

But enough : — Oh no more : — leave off my scribbling
pen !

Or my reader, feeling drowsiness 'gin to creep,
Will firstly yawn, jocosely with a smile say, then, —
“ What must the poppy's power itself be ? oh when
“ Even the praise thereof sends me almost to sleep ! ”

But pray, friend, a few words more : — yes, all your whole
life

You will or should remember this I'm sure,
The choice, my friend, of that being, yclep'd a wife,
Resembleth much the choosing of a flower.

Look not then to the beauty of th'external show,
But look, look to that within, would you in your choice
be blest,

Beauty

Beauty may possess honey, that I will allow,
But, when affliction comes, you too well must know,
Not sweets you want, but one whose soothing pow'r
can give you rest.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE;

OR,

THE LITTLE DOG.

WHEN William bade adieu to me,
To tread some distant clime,
“ Oh dearest, dearest Anne,” cry’d he,
“ We thus may not each other see
“ For a sad long, long time !

“ It is then fit some pledge sincere,
“ Some token sweet and fair,
“ Besides the kind, fond, parting tear,
“ Besides the sigh that issues here,
“ Our true love to declare. —

“ Besides those vows we both believe,
“ Some pledge should be exchange’d,
“ That shall to each remembrance give,
“ For time and absence may deceive,
“ By time all things are chang’d.”

Then giving me an ardent kiss,
He cry’d in words so mete,

“ From

“ From you, love, all I ask is this,

“ A token of remembrance ’tis,

“ As sacred as it’s sweet.

“ But I beg you’ll from me receive

“ This little dog so pretty,

“ The best pledge constancy can give !

“ An emblem ’tis, as all believe,

“ Of dear fidelity.

“ When clos’d are those bright eyes in sleep,

“ He’ll guard and watch o’er thee,

“ Off each intrusive step he’ll keep,

“ But, ah ! when in thy lap he’ll leap,

“ You’ll then remember me.”

Now, three summers long, three winters drear,

Had ling’ring pass’d away,

Since went to sea my William dear,

Of him no sweet tidings could I hear,

Which fill’d me with dismay.

Oft did my fast-trickling tears bedew

His dog’s soft fleecy neck,

Which not alone made me think of you,

But, ah love ! whene’er the loud wind blew,

I fear’d you were a wreck.

Whene’er a white sail I espied,

Slowly bearing to the shore,

Quick of my love t’inquire I hied,

At length said false Report, and sighed,

“ Thy William is no more !”

Fleet as a thunder-bolt o’er my mind

Darted the dread, doleful news,

I rav’d,

I rav'd, I wept, I roar'd to the wind,
 And, in my frenzy, call'd Fate unkind,
 And God, with the winds, accuse.

Oh ! the anguish felt : — oh ! the tears
 To his memory I gave,
 Methought they'd end my pangs and fears;
 But, ah ! in them no hope appears,
 They yield no watery grave.

I beat my breast, I tore my hair,
 Now, a tear, — then, a sigh ;
 But, ah ! I found no cure was there,
 My sole remedy was despair,
 And so resolv'd to die.

A leprous powder then I bought,
 Whose very smallest grain,
 By strict inquiry I was taught,
 The purpose would complete I sought,
 And end my grief and pain.

Careful the drug, fatal, yet dear,
 I put within a cup,
 And with the fountain-water clear,
 Together with many a sad tear,
 So sweetly mix'd it up.

And now my lips the cup had met,
 And trembling was held there,
 Now the black draught my lips did wet,
 When, oh ! such wonder never yet
 Did history declare.

Into the room the dog he skips,
 And, with a wondrous bound,

Into

Into my lap so eager leaps,
He dash'd the poison from my lips,
And spilt it on the ground.

Oh! was it Providence, whose pow'r
Thus timely interfer'd?
Or was it chance? Yea, it was more
Than mere blind accident, I'm sure,
It so to me appear'd.

For, not content with fawning me,
The fond sagacious elf
Loud bark'd at what I could not see,
And as, with unknown pleasure he
On the floor roll'd himself,

“ What can it mean?” amaz'd I said,
When vex'd as if it were
That no regard to its signs I paid,
It so loudly bark'd, I was afraid
Some danger sure was near.

“ How strange is this!” again methought,
“ What can the matter be?
“ What can a dog such tricks have taught?”
To know the cause I eager sought,
And follow'd him to see.

Straight to the gate he barking ran,
When, lo! still strange to tell,
There stood a strange-like looking man,
Who said, — “ O pray tell, if you can,
“ Where lovely Anne doth dwell?”

Enough it was! — the voice I knew!
'Twas William: — oh! how blest
Was I when to the gate I flew,
And open'd it, and my arms too,
To clasp him to my breast.

S

Soon

Soon in the hall upon his knee
I sat, with reclin'd head,
Oh ! what a sight it was to see
The man I lov'd smiling on me,
Whom long since I thought dead.

Yet, ah ! when saw he on the ground
The broken cup lie there,
Oh ! what grief did within abound,
For soon he what the cause was found,
My blushes did declare : —

“ See !” he exclaim'd, “ how wrong 'tis, love,
“ For poor mortal to despair,
“ When there is a kind God above,
“ Who e'er more wondrous kind will prove,
“ As deeper our troubles are.
“ And how good 'tis, when friends do part,
“ To leave some pledge behind ;
“ Yet not because we've play'd that part,
“ But let's be grateful e'er at heart,
“ That heaven was so kind.”

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

As once a gallant red-cross knight
Was pricking o'er the plain,
Shone his steely armour bright,
White was his charger's mane.
But whiter was the maiden's vest,
Her eyes beam'd like the day,
Much fairer was the heaving breast
Of her who bid him stay.

“ Say,

“ Stay, sir knight, thy fiery steed,”
A lovely maiden said,
“ I am no wicked girl indeed,
“ But an unhappy maid ;
“ Who, left for Moslem’s land her home,
“ To seek her true-love dear,
“ And to Palestine I’m come,
“ Say, is my lover there ?
“ Oh ! you may know him, and well too,
“ From twenty thousand foes,
“ By his bright eyes, like drops of dew
“ Glistening on the rose ;
“ By his sweet lips, ah ! whence doth flow
“ Words most true and fair ;
“ Ah ! saw you him whom you may know
“ By his dark curling hair ?”

Where was her love well knew the knight,
(Her lover dear was he,)
But that well try and prove he might
How true her love might be,
“ Alas !” he sigh’d, “ in Moslem’s land
“ Is your dear lover fair ;
“ But, ah ! though brave in heart and hand,
“ He is a pris’ner there,”
“ What !” said the maid, in sighing tone,
“ A pris’ner is he then ?
“ What ! was that valiant arm outdone
“ By the proud Saracen ?”
“ Nay, let not grief that heart engross,”
The knight made kind reply,
“ But be of cheer, thy lover’s loss
“ Oh ! cannot I supply ?”
“ Ah no ! you can’t supply his loss,
“ Yet thou might be his gain,

" If you'd alight from off thine horse
 " Upon this mossy plain ;
 " And doft thee of thine armour bright,
 " And place it upon me,
 " Then like a gallant red-cross knight
 " I certainly should be.

" Then to th'unholy camp I'd fly
 " Of the proud infidel,
 " And gain my true-love's liberty,
 " Or make him rue it well.
 " Restore me my love, proud infidel !
 " With lofty tone I'd say,
 " Or one of us shall rue it well,
 " Or you or I must die." —

" Nobly said," the knight exclaim'd,
 " I 'plaud thy zealous love,
 " Of those for love in story fam'd
 " Far greatest thou dost prove.
 " Alight I will from off my horse,
 " And place my mail on thee,
 " And a brave knight of the red cross
 " You certainly will be."

Then from his charger's back he sprung,
 With a brave lightsome bound,
 And with a graceful air he flung
 Himself upon the ground.
 And, as he graceful kneeled there,
 " My helmet pray," he said,
 " Unbuckle with thy fingers fair,
 " And place it on thine head."

Then with her fingers white and fair
 His helmet she unties,
 But what words can her joy declare,
 Or name her sweet surprise,

When

When his dark vizor up she rais'd,
And, in his visage fair,
Beheld (and with dear wonder gaz'd)
Her true-love's likeness there.

But ere she clasp'd him to her heart,
She said with noble care,
“ How could you play so false a part,
“ And say you pris'ner were?”
“ Why, am I not?” sweetly said he,
“ Fast, fast imprison'd there?
“ I ever *bound* in love must be
“ To one so true and fair !”

R O S A L I E,

THE MOON-STUCK MAID.

FAIR Rosalie, the moon-struck maid,
Her lily-tinted feet all bare,
By day among the rocks she stray'd,
Her head at night was pillow'd there.
And softer was the rock I ween
Than false William's cruel breast,
For harder must that heart have been
That could leave a maid'n so distress'd.

And kinder was the rocky shore,
Though it oft tore her feet indeed,

But

But William's falsity did more,
 It caus'd her very heart to bleed.
 No vows of love these stones impart,
 By which her aching feet are torn ;
 But William swore kind was my heart,
 Then basely left that heart to mourn.

So, disgusted at man's falsity,
 She quick to the rocks hath flown,
 Ah ! where she shuns all and every
 But the pale beams of the moon.
 Then, as upon a rock she leans,
 She'll watch its nightly wondrous course,
 Its changes are like his love, she weens,
 That is of all her grief the source.

Enchanted by its potent ray,
 Thereon she hath look'd and look'd again,
 Till, as I've heard 'em whisp'ring say,
 Its dire influence quite turn'd her brain.
 For up and down the rocks she went,
 Singing all day with mournful tone,
 Till, with fatigue, her spirits spent,
 Trembling, she'd lie on the cold stone.

Her breast she'd to the storm lay bare,
 With this lovely intent I wis,
 Because she'd none so kind and fair
 Her bosom soft and white to kiss.
 Pleas'd too she'd paddle in the wave,
 Nor fear'd man's sad unchaste disgrace,
 For none was nigh, none worthy, save
 The wave, her snowy limbs t'embrace.

Then,

Then, fearless she'd lie upon the rock,
Ah ! why ? because she lay alone :
The sailors saw her, but ne'er did mock,
As still she gazed on the moon.
But, ah ! it fatal prov'd one night
She walk'd : — oh sad, oh most sad to tell !
Look'd not at her feet, but the moon bright,
Came to a precipice, and downwards fell !

T H E E N D .



E R R A T U M .

In the 22d line of Page v of the Preface, for *her* beauties, read *his* beauties.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the apology prefixed to these works, having informed you that I have many more poems of a similar composition now by me, and that it is my intention to publish them at some future period, I beg leave to acquaint you, that, should sufficient encouragement and the good opinion of my readers sanction the design, it is my determination to submit them to the public notice in the course of a twelve-month; but, on the other hand, should they fail of your patronage and approbation, although the produce of gratitude which your present kindness hath deeply implanted in my heart still remains, never to be biased by time or the inclemency of circumstance, but inspires me to pursue with an undaunted mind the career of hope; yet, conscious of my weakness, when divested of the support of your favour and applause, I can assure you, I will no longer obtrude upon your patience, but, returning to the humble path Heaven has directed me to tread, whilst walking the grand tour of life, and thinking perhaps some task of a less elevated nature my abilities are more competent to perform, I no longer will act in disobedience to the proverbial admonition, —

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM!

W. H.



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